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# LUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE  
STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, November 7, 1898, by Frank Tousey.

No. 254.

NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1903.

Price 5 Cents.

## JACK WRIGHT AND HIS DANDY OF THE DEEP; OR, DRIVEN AFLOAT IN THE SEA OF FIRE.

By "NONAME."



ck and his companions got aboard the boat before they observed what had befallen the old sailor;  
but by that time the natives had come rushing down after them, and reached Tim,

AFTER DECKING DOWN



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(Continued on page 3 of cover.)



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Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, November 7, 1898. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1903, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

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## Jack Wright and His Dandy of the Deep

OR,

### Driven Afloat in the Sea of Fire.

By "NONAME."

#### CHAPTER I.

ON A SMALL VICTIM OF A BIG PLOT.

The 10 P. M. train of the H— Railroad had left New York, northward bound, with only two passengers in the parlor car, both of whom were boys yet in their teens and evidently strangers to each other.

One of them, a pale, delicate looking fellow, was clad in the neat uniform of a naval cadet; his large blue eyes were fastened upon a letter which he had withdrawn from his pocket, and a look of intense anxiety was upon his face, as he read the following lines over and over again:

"Dear Ned:—Your invalid mother has been very low for a week past, and the doctor has at last given her up. I beseech you to get leave of absence from Annapolis and come home at once, if you have any desire to see your poor mother before she dies. Indeed, it will be of vital necessity for you to come, as she has informed me that, outside of a small bequest to me, she has named you in her will, as the only child, her heir. The legacy amounts to nearly half a million. When she is gone, the village of Wrightstown will lose one of the best of its inhabitants.

"Expecting to see you soon, I remain, your affectionate stepfather,

Anthony Redmond."

The half-suppressed sighs of the young naval cadet attested to the distressed state of mind he was in, and aroused the sympathy of his fellow passenger, who could not fail to observe that something troubled the boy.

He was entirely unlike the cadet in appearance, as his elegant figure was clad in a fashionable suit of clothes; his eyes, hair and eyebrows were dark, his face was ruddy with health, beamed with a determined will, and yet beamed with kindly expression.

He watched the cadet in silence for a few moments, and then seeing tears falling from the unhappy boy's eyes, his heart

was so touched with compassion that he arose, approached him, and said in kindly tones:

"Excuse me for interfering with you, but I'd like to say a cheering word, as you seem to be in such distress. Can I do anything for you?"

Struck by the kind, sympathetic tones of his interrogator, the naval cadet glanced up at the other with a pitiful expression, studied his features intently a moment, and then, evidently satisfied that idle curiosity did not prompt his questioner, he replied in tremulous tones:

"You are very kind, but trouble such as mine is cannot be helped. By reading this letter you can fully understand what I mean."

He handed the paper to the other, who silently read it through, and when he reached the end and saw the signature he started, a frown gathered upon his brow, and he involuntarily exclaimed:

"I pity you from the bottom of my heart. Such trouble as you are now in certainly is hard enough to bear without mentioning the misfortune of being obliged to live with Anthony Redmond."

The cadet forgot his grief for a moment, opened his eyes wide with surprise, and after a moment he exclaimed:

"I do not understand you. He is a good man, or my mother would not have married him, I am sure. Do you know him?"

"Well, I ought to," was the dry rejoinder. "I live in Wrightstown—in fact, my name is Jack Wright, and the place was named after my now dead father. It is evident you don't know much about Redmond."

"What! You, the great boy inventor of whom I have heard so much? This is a surprise. My name is Ned Frost. But tell me what is there so dreadful about my step-father that I know nothing about?"

"He is a drunken loafer of bad habits," replied Jack, "and is known to have ill-treated your mother most shamefully."

The cadet looked very much startled upon hearing this assertion.

"Since I was a small boy," said he, "I have been home very



little, as most of my life has been spent in boarding schools, and as my poor mother has never complained to me I never knew anything about it before. When I received this letter I answered Mr. Redmond, saying I would reach Wrightstown on this train."

"I advise you to have as little to do with that man as possible," said Jack. "He is bad at heart, and it is well known in Wrightstown that his abuse of your mother came of her refusal to support him in idleness. However, when you get home you can find out for yourself. And—here we are at Wrightstown now."

It was raining hard out of doors when the cars ran into the pretty fisher village on the Atlantic seacoast, its houses clustering around the head of the beautiful bay.

The young inventor left the train with the cadet, and saw a tall, thin individual come out of the depot to meet the boy.

He had gray hair and gray side whiskers, hollow eyes, and a long, sharp nose, while his hat and clothing were very seedy looking.

This man was Anthony Redmond, the boy's step-father.

He had the cadet's mother's carriage waiting, and they both entered it and rode away toward a large, gloomy mansion on the suburbs.

Jack Wright stood on the platform gazing after the receding carriage a moment in deep thought, and then muttered pityingly:

"Poor fellow! He's in a heap of trouble. I'm sorry for him. His step-father is a scoundrel, and should the boy's mother die and leave him to that man's care, in possession of a large fortune, I'm afraid the cadet will have a hard time of it!"

He passed through the depot, and when he reached the outside, where a closed carriage awaited him, he heard a bluff, cheery voice cry:

"Ahoy, thar, my lad! Ye're back in port on time, I see!"

The speaker was an old sailor named Tim Topstay, and he stood on one natural leg and one wooden one beside the vehicle, clad in a nautical costume, his sunburned face wreathed in a sandy beard and a jolly smile, and one glass eye glaring vacantly ahead, while his solitary good eye was centered on Jack like a gimlet.

He had been a messmate of Jack's father in the navy, and now lived with the orphaned boy, assisting him to build his inventions and accompanying Jack on all his adventurous trips.

"Yes, Tim," laughed the young inventor, "back again, and I've ordered everything in New York that I needed to complete building my new submarine boat, the Dandy of the Deep. I'm glad you came to meet me with the carriage, or I'd have been drenched."

"Aye, now, my hearty! It is foul weather, an' no mistake," replied the old sailor, taking a chew of navy plug as they both entered the cab and rolled away. "I reckoned as ye would heave back ter port on this train, so I thought as I'd come ter meet yer. I reckon when I wuz aboard o' ther ole frigate Wabash——"

"No time for spinning yarns now, Tim," hastily interposed Jack, for the ancient mariner was one of the most consummate liars in the country, and never lost a chance to spring the most outrageous stories about his own deeds upon any one who would listen to them. "Have you and Fritz Schneider finished up the work upon the boat which I left for you to do before I went away?"

"Lor' bless yer, yes," replied Tim, with a nod. "Long afore four bells (six o'clock), an' arter we had our mess, wot d'yer s'pose happened?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the boy.

"A ship o' about nine hundred tons burden, named ther Black Star, bound from Boston ter Chiny, broke her rudder-

line, an' put inter Wrightstown Bay fer repairs, an' she's lyin' thar yet."

"Well, what of it?" testily asked the boy.

"Belay a minute, my hearty, an' yer'll see as thar's ther deuce ter pay on account o' that craft," said Tim, in mysterious tones. "Arter Fritz an' me had mess ther Dutch boy went out, an' strollin' down ter ther Sea Spider house, which is ther best tavern in ther village fer a lubber ter git his grog in, who should Fritz see thar a-talkin' very confidential-like but ther cappen o' ther Black Star an' that lubberly pirate Anthony Redmond."

Jack was beginning to get very much interested now, for the mention of Redmond's name recalled to his mind what he had told Ned Frost about him.

Fritz Schneider was a great friend of Jack's—an orphaned young Dutch boy, whom he once found out of work and friendless in the village.

He had taken the fat boy in, and finding that Fritz was an expert electrician, and a good cook, Jack prevailed upon him to remain, and he was then a member of the young inventor's household, and, with Tim, always went with the boy on his voyages.

"Did Fritz discover Redmond creating any mischief, Tim?" he asked.

"Aye, now," replied the old sailor, "that's just wot I'm a-comin' ter. He heerd Redmond say as he an' ther cappen o' ther Black Star wuz ole schoolmates in boyhood, an' rascals tergether in manhood. Then Redmond said his wife wuz a-dyin', an' as he'd sert fer her son Ned. He stated that as thar wūzn't no relations but Ned, if ther boy wuz put out o' ther way afore Mrs. Redmond died, he'd inherit all her money."

"Whew!" whistled Jack, much amazed at this startling news.

"An' wot's more," continued Tim, "ther captain o' ther Black Star offered ter kidnap ther boy ter-night, an' ship him off ter China. Then Redmond, durin' Ned's absence, is ter trump up proof as ther boy is dead, an' git his wife's money as soon as ther lady dies. Fritz heerd all ther arrangements, an' came back home unseen, told me, an' now is on his way ter Redmond's wife's house, ter put ther lady on her guard."

By this time the carriage had reached a magnificent mansion, in which Jack and his two friends dwelt, for the boy and his companions had amassed each a large fortune by the use of his inventions.

They went in and passed into the library, where Jack was just about to question the old sailor more closely, when there came a terrific ring at the door-bell, and Fritz came rushing in.

He was a short, fat boy, with light hair and blue eyes, attired in his native style of dressing, and was of an excitable, combative nature.

As Jack and Tim glanced up at him, they saw that the boy was panting, exhausted, and while his clothes were disordered, he was covered with bruises and cuts.

## CHAPTER II.

### EXPOSING A RASCAL'S PERFDY.

"Shiminey Christmas, poys, I vhas been near killed alretty," gasped Fritz, as soon as he recovered his breath.

"Tim has told me what you learned. How came you in this state?" queried the young inventor anxiously.

"Ach, Gott! I didn't vhas oudt ouf dis State. I vhas just a leedle vays down der roat, and two ouf der Black Star sailors shump ouf de pushes on me, and dey dey dey me."



When I listen to dot dalk between der gaptain und dot Redmond. Den dey started in to baralyze me. When dey got troo I didn't got none ouf my senses left vonet, but so soon dot I over it got, I coom home righd away gwick."

"Then you did not warn the boy's mother of the danger?"

"Nein. I felt too sick. I vanted to coom beck und show yer mine tanger."

"Something must be done, and at once," said Jack, as he grasped his revolver from his desk and thrust it into his hip pocket. "I'll go and warn the boy, and while I'm gone, Tim, you dress Fritz's wounds."

And without saying another word, the boy dashed from the house, and sped along the street, regardless of the drenching rain.

He knew where Redmond lived, and soon reached the gloomy mansion.

It was on the suburbs of Wrightstown, standing in the midst of a fine park that sloped down to the shore of the bay.

Jack sped along the graveled path, and soon reaching the house, he saw that the only light it contained gleamed dully in one of the rear rooms on the ground floor.

He mounted the steps of the piazza, and was just about to ring the front door-bell, when he heard the sound of approaching footsteps coming around the house, and then the voices of men.

Instinctively the boy slunk back into the deep shadow of one of the huge Corinthian pillars supporting the piazza roof, and a moment afterward he heard the voice of Redmond say:

"The boy is home at last. I'm glad you rowed ashore to the ot of the garden in a quarter boat from your ship, Benolt, for as soon as we render the boy senseless, you can carry him out to the Black Star. No one will see the deed accomplished. We are maintaining strict secrecy of our movements, not a soul will know what has become of Ned Frost."

The captain of the Black Star was a slangy, coarse-spoken person, who used considerable profanity, and he replied:

"Oh, I'm dead fly, and know my little book. While you're fixin' the kid, I'll lay low at the back of the house, and nab him as soon as you tackle him. See? Now go ahead, an' no shenanigan about it."

"I'll leave the front door ajar, so you can come in if his mother cuts up."

"All right. She won't squeal much if I have to handle her. Don't let her get onto your game if you can help it, and I won't have no trouble jerkin' the kid from this joint into my cooler, see?"

With this understanding, the conspirators parted.

The captain passed around the house again, and Redmond came up on the piazza, never suspecting that Jack was hiding behind one of the pillars, and opening the massive front door with his latch-key he passed in, leaving the door open on a crack.

A few moments after he disappeared Jack glided up to the door, paused there and listened, and hearing no sound he boldly pushed it open, entered the broad hall, and closed and locked the door after him.

The parlor door stood open, and he glided into the large room, and saw that Mrs. Redmond lay in a bed in the back room, the communicating doorway between the front and back apartments being covered by a pair of heavy velvet portieres that were parted.

Anthony Redmond had gone into the back room, and just as Jack softly glided into the front parlor, he heard the sick woman exclaim:

"I am glad you have come back, Anthony Redmond. I have made a terrible discovery, and I mean to expose you!"

"Me, my dear?" said the man in oily tones, yet there was a heavy sound to his voice. "I do not understand your al-

"It is useless for you to dissemble," said the sick woman reproachfully. "Does not your guilty conscience trouble you?"

"Surely, my dear, you must be raving! There—there—do not excite yourself. Take the medicine your physician left, and it will quiet your nerves," softly said Redmond, as he picked up a glass covered by a saucer, in which rested a spoon, and drew close to her.

But with one blow she dashed the goblet from his hand to the floor, where it was smashed into a thousand fragments, and as he recoiled, uttering a startled exclamation, the invalid arose upon her elbow, pointed an accusing finger at him, and cried:

"Away! Away from me, you viper! That medicine contains a slow but deadly poison. I have gradually been wasting away from the drugs you have given me like an assassin."

"My God! You lie! You wrong me foully!" gasped the man.

"No, no! I have given some of the contents of that shattered glass to the doctor. He analyzed it. He found the poison. No one but you comes near to give me the medicine. You are guilty—guilty!" shrieked the excited woman. "Ha! You cower back—your face pales—your eyes glare—your hands tremble! Demon in human form, why have you thus been murdering your wife?"

A low, hoarse cry of fear and despair escaped the man's lips, a tigerish light blazed in his eyes, and he hissed:

"Exposed, by heavens!"

He rushed into the dark room, where Jack stood unseen, looking like a madman, and as he passed, the boy heard him mutter:

"If I let her live and make public what she knows, I'd go to jail."

The woman had fainted from excess of nervous excitement, and then laid back on her pillow, pale and motionless.

Jack saw that he could do nothing for her, and hastened after Redmond, but when he reached the hall the man had vanished.

At a loss to know what had become of him, and not daring to show himself for fear of detection, Jack paused irresolutely in the doorway.

Several minutes passed by, when he heard a wild cry, the sound of a scuffle, and then a heavy fall in a side room.

He rushed down the hall, and pushed the door of the apartment open.

By the open window stood Anthony Redmond, lowering the body of Ned Frost out to the captain of the Black Star in the garden below.

Into the room ran Jack, and the man let Ned go and looked around.

"Jack Wright!" he yelled, in tones of dismay, for he knew who Jack was.

"Aye, and I've seen and heard all you have done and said," cried the boy.

"Then the game is up!"

"Entirely. You have poisoned your wife, and are abducting her son."

"That settles it!" gasped the man. "I'm baffled."

"And you'll go to jail for this!"

"Never! I'll die first!"

Jack drew the revolver from his pocket, and leveled it at the man.

"Surrender to me, or I'll fire!" he exclaimed.

"Not while there's a show to escape!" hissed Redmond.

And so saying he dove out the window headfirst so quickly that he disappeared before Jack could discharge his weapon.

The young inventor was chagrined over his escape, and rushing to the open window, he vaulted over the sill into the yard.

It was as dark as pitch under the trees, and the boy could



not see ten yards ahead, but he heard the sound of retreating footsteps, and went flying after them.

"I can overhaul them ere they reached the boat," he muttered, "for it is likely that the boy will be taken aboard the ship, any way, and Redmond will accompany him in order to keep out of prison."

Jack's conclusion was right, for he heard the abductor's voices ahead of him, and came up with them near the bay shore.

A large white quarter boat had been beached near by, and as Jack rushed toward it he heard Redmond cry:

"Get afloat—he is right behind us, Ben."

"Confound it! You've given the whole snap away!" hissed the captain.

There were four sailors with them, and they made a rush to the boat, when Jack came up with them, and aiming his pistol at the crowd, he shouted sternly:

"Halt! The first to move gets shot!"

"Go for him!" hissed Redmond. "He will betray us!"

With fierce expressions, the six made a rush for the boy, but he dauntlessly held his ground, and aiming in their midst pulled the trigger.

The pistol failed to go off!

He tried every chamber with a similar result.

The weapon was not loaded!

Jack had failed to examine it when he took it from the library.

His enemies had paused, but now saw what the trouble was, and with a triumphant shout they rushed toward him.

The next moment the whole crowd were upon the boy, and although he struck out manfully with his clenched fists to defend himself, the odds against him were too great.

He was overwhelmed, knocked down, beaten into insensibility, and they bound and gagged him and tied him to a tree trunk.

Then they all sprang aboard of the boat and pulled out to the Black Star, which was anchored in the middle of the bay, and now had her rudder line repaired.

Preparations were instantly made for departure, and within a short space of time the ship sailed away, bearing off the stolen boy and his rascally step-father.

Alone and unconscious, poor Jack remained tied to the tree trunk, with the rain beating down and the wind sweeping by, all through that bleak, stormy night.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE DANDY OF THE DEEP.

On the following morning the storm cleared away, and some fishermen came along the shore, and finding the boy, they released him.

He was stiff and sore from the rough usage he had undergone, and explaining to his rescuers what happened to him, he made his way back to Mrs. Redmond's house, and rang for admittance.

The doctor let him in, for Anthony Redmond had discharged the servants, in order to conceal his murderous work, and to him Jack detailed all that transpired, arousing his horror and indignation.

"Is the woman alive yet?" asked Jack, in conclusion.

"Yes, and on the fair road to recovery," the doctor replied. "She confided to me her suspicions that her husband was poisoning her, and upon analyzing her medicine, I found that her fears were well-grounded. As soon as I discovered the nature of the poison I very easily counteracted its effect, and the lady is now very much better."

"Will she get over it entirely, Doctor?"

"She will, with good care." I've sent for a trained nurse for her."

"How are we to let her know about the loss of her son?"

"She knows it already, in a measure, as she heard what was said in the garden last night by her husband and his accomplices. But come in and see her. We can explain everything. She is a plucky woman, and can stand it. Follow me, Mr. Wright."

The boy went into the bedroom, and there found Mrs. Redmond quite reconciled to her trouble, but anxious to get her son back.

"They have taken him to China, you say?" she asked, when Jack explained everything. "This is dreadful. If Anthony Redmond accompanies poor Ned, I fear he will ill-treat him dreadfully. Oh, if I were only well enough, how I would hasten on ahead, and wrest him from the power of those miscreants."

"I think I may offer you some consolation, Mrs. Redmond," said Jack. "There is a chance for me to save your boy."

An eager look flashed across the invalid's face.

"How do you mean?" she demanded eagerly.

"Because, as you may have heard, I have invented a new submarine boat, and it will soon be completed, when I am to start on a trip to the northward, around the northern part of Canada, through the Arctic Ocean, thence down Behring Strait into the Pacific."

"A peculiar journey," remarked the doctor.

"Rather; but it is to be made for the purpose of finding a good passage for ships, by going through Hudson Strait into Fox Channel, thence through Hecla Strait into the Gulf of Bothnia, across Bellot, into Franklin Channel, down Victoria Strait into Coronation Gulf, up Union Strait into the Baffin Sea, and across the Arctic into Behring Sea."

"An extensive journey, and dangerous, I presume?"

"Very. It is done for the American Geographical Society. They are to pay me well for undertaking it, and I am glad of the chance to thus try the merits of my new boat," said Jack.

"But how can you offer me any encouragement?" asked Mrs. Redmond.

"When I reach Behring Strait my work will be finished," replied Jack, "and I could cut across to China, and arrive about the time that the Black Star reaches there, and by attacking her, wrest your son from the captain's power. It would be utterly impossible to attempt any other method, as the ship has too much the start of me to be found or overtaken."

"But how do you know what port she is bound for?"

"I am going to communicate with the custom house of Boston, and find out from her owners where she is going, when they expect her to reach her destination, and so on."

"Excellent! Excellent!" remarked the doctor, nodding, and rubbing his hands.

"Mr. Wright," said the grateful woman, with tears in her eyes, "if you will do this for me, my gratitude will be great indeed. I could never reward you for it enough——"

"We won't speak of that," said Jack, "but if I safely reach the Pacific you can depend upon it I will save your son."

And without another word the boy left them and went home.

He found Tim and Fritz in a state of nervous agitation over his prolonged absence, and filled them with surprise when he related what had happened.

The boy then dressed his wounds and went to bed, leaving his friends betting on the issue of a fight between a monkey named Whiskers, which the sailor owned, and a parrot belonging to the Dutch boy, named Bismarck.

Both of these creatures had been captured in Africa by the two friends.

On the following morning Jack came down to breakfast



none the worse for his adventure, save a few scratches, and found that the things he ordered in New York had arrived.

He therefore left the house, and accompanied by Tim and Fritz went out into his beautifully arranged garden, along the foot of which ran a pretty creek, and beside it stood the boy's enormous workshop.

They passed into it, and paused on a platform surrounding a large flooded basin, in the middle of which floated Jack's invention.

It was a cylindrical boat, made of strong metal, as white as silver, tapering to a keen point at each end, and surrounded by a railed-in pilot-house, crowned by a searchlight of enormous power.

She was one hundred feet long, and about twenty-five feet diameter.

From the doors in the pilot house there was an oval network of finely woven steel wire, perforated by five round openings on each side, while the railed after-deck sustained a low walking-beam.

An inverted propeller and rudder were suspended from posts below the stern, and the motive power came from two water wheels that worked in slots in the end of the flat keel.

Seven barred windows and three tubular openings on either quarter were shown, while up in the bow were two sea doors for use under water.

Down below the boat was divided in two lengthwise.

Between decks there were four rooms, the one beneath the pilot-house being a cabin containing staterooms, next a storeroom and kitchen combined, following which there was an apartment for storing arms, diving suits and other things, while the last room contained a magnetic motor for working the wheels, and an electric plant for the boat's lights.

The machinery for operating the boat was much different than that used on other vessels, as the power came from an enormous electric magnet that worked the walking-beam, the eccentric shaft of which turned the wheels.

The electric plan was a storage battery system, a small oil engine and a dynamo keeping both battery and magnet supplied with power.

All working parts of the boat were controlled by levers in the pilot-house.

In the hold there were three compartments, each containing a pump, the middle chamber being utilized as an air reservoir, and the two end ones as water compartments to sink or raise the boat.

Jack's principle was to pump the distributed air from the end chambers, and fill them with water enough to overbalance the volume of the compressed air, in order to submerge the boat, while to rise, he emptied the rooms of the water, and expanded the air into them again.

The young inventor had much to do to complete the boat, but set to work with a will, assisted by his two friends, and in the course of a few days they finished their work.

When the Dandy of the Deep, as the craft was named, proudly floated on the surface of the basin she presented a beautiful appearance, for her furnishing and fittings were magnificent in every detail, as Jack had lavished thousands of dollars upon her construction.

Nothing now remained to be done but try the boat, and as the news had spread among the villagers that there would be a public exhibition of her upon the bay, at the appointed time a large number of people lined the shores and dotted the water's surface in all kinds of boats to see her.

It was a lovely afternoon in midsummer when Jack and his two friends boarded the Dandy, the huge doors opening from the basin onto the creek were opened, and the boy turned one of the levers, grasped the wheel and started his boat out.

protruding from the keel began to revolve, and with but very little noise the graceful vessel ran out into the creek.

Down to the bay she glided, and a tremendous cheer burst from the assembled multitude as she glided out into full view.

"She goes all right," commented Jack, in tones of satisfaction. "The machinery seems to be all that is wanted thus far. Now if she fulfills the rest of the functions I've designed for her she will suit me. The merits of the propelling wheels I have on her lie in the fact that they are entirely out of the way, give greater driving power than side wheels, and don't kick up so much roll astern."

He maneuvered the boat around the bay, showing a speed of fifty knots an hour on the registers on the pilot-house wall, and finally closed up the doors and windows, and started the pumps, sinking her.

Turning another lever, he sent an effulgent glow from the electric lights gleaming out on all sides, and the radiations from the searchlight shot far ahead, cutting through the brine like a knife.

Automatic air injectors now kept the living rooms supplied with atmosphere from the air reservoir, and a mechanical spray of lime water kept it purified, while a valve let off the vitiated air exhausted by breathing.

Down the Dandy sunk to a depth of twenty feet, when Jack stopped her descent, and drove her ahead, the walking-beam working as well submerged as on the surface, and not a drop of water leaking in through the tight joints.

Breathing was there as easy and natural as upon the surface, and the strong electric lights disseminated such a brilliant glow around that they could see for some distance in all directions, and observed that the lights attracted thousands of fish around the boat.

When Jack was satisfied with his submarine experiments, he shut off the lights, and sent the Dandy shooting surface-ward again, and just as she came within a few feet of the surface there came a terrible crash.

The forward deck of the boat had come up under a yacht filled with men, women and children, who were out to witness the exhibition, and the next moment the pleasure boat was capsized, and its inmates were suddenly flung into the water.

## CHAPTER IV.

### OFF FOR THE NORTH.

A terrible scene followed the collision, as the Dandy arose to the surface and our friends saw what had happened.

From the spectators on shore there arose a wild cry of horror, while the screaming people who were flung into the water from the capsized yacht created a terrible uproar.

There were but three men among the capsized crowd, and half a dozen women, with nearly as many more helpless children.

Jack took in the situation at a glance, and opened the door.

"Save them, boys!" he shouted.

The next moment he dove overboard from the stationary Dandy, and seizing a little girl, he swam back to the boat with her.

Fritz and Tim were after him like a flash, and picked up two more of the children, while the men in the party each sustained a woman.

Leaving the child on the Dandy's deck, the young inventor glanced around, and saw a boy of twelve just in the act of sinking for the second time some distance off, and dove for him.

The walking-beam swung up and down, the two big wheels



He caught the little fellow ere he descended ten feet, and bringing him to the surface, carried him to the submarine boat, at which the strangers had left their charges and were now going after the remainder of the helpless ones.

As soon as his charge was safely aboard of the Dandy, the boy saw that the others had secured all but one woman, who was then sinking with a little child in her arms, and screaming frantically:

"Save my child! Oh, God! Some one save my babe!"

"Courage!" cried the gallant boy, as he cleft the waves toward her.

She sank out of sight, uttering a piercing shriek, and down went Jack after her like a flash.

She struggled blindly to grasp him under the water, yet clung to her infant with one arm, and succeeded in winding her disengaged arm around the boy's neck, half strangling him.

Jack retained his presence of mind, however, and grasping her by the throat, he began to choke her, when she relaxed her hold, and he was then able to rise with her.

He kept behind her upon the surface, and treading water he managed to hold her and her child up above the surface until the woman regained her breath and recovered partially from her panic.

When Jack saw she could understand him, he shouted:

"Will you keep still? Will you keep still?"

"Yes, yes!" groaned the poor woman. "My child——"

"If you do as I say, I can save both; refuse, and we are lost."

"Anything—I will do anything you say!" she gasped.

"Then don't struggle so. It won't help you any. Rely on me."

"I will," answered the woman more calmly, for she was fast recovering her senses.

"Hold your child up and keep still so I can swim with you."

"Go ahead. I am calm enough now," she answered steadily.

Jack glanced around, and saw that his friends had brought the rest safely to the Dandy, while scores of boats of all sizes and kinds were hurrying toward them from all directions.

He struck for his boat with the woman, who now remained perfectly passive, and soon reaching it, was helped aboard.

A hasty count was then made of the rescued people, when it was discovered that every one of them had been saved.

They were all drenched and frightened, but none were injured, and when the people on shore saw that they had all been picked up, they uttered a tremendous cheer for the gallant rescuers that arose to the sky.

Before any of the approaching boats drew near the capsized yacht was righted, baled out, and taken in tow of the Dandy, which then started under Jack's direction for a long dock on the shore.

Eager questions were asked by the people they passed, and when it was learned that no one had been lost, their cheers pealed out again, and were taken up by the multitude on shore.

It was purely an accident, and no one held Jack blamable for it.

Indeed, had they done so, the gallant rescue by the boy and his friends would have wiped out any feeling of animosity afterwards.

The Dandy soon reached the dock where the rescued people went ashore, and the yacht was tied up, and when Jack had explained how the capsizing had occurred no one reproached him.

He then started the boat away, and as there was nothing

else to be tried with the Dandy, he ran her up the creek to his shop.

Here the three left her, and went into the house to don dry clothing.

"I never thought you could swim with that wooden peg, Tim," said the boy, laughingly, when they all had on dry garments and came downstairs, "but I see you are as good as the best of us yet."

"Lordy, now," chuckled the old sailor, "wot I done wuzn't nuthin'. That 'ere wooden walkin' tackle o' mine has often stood by me in times o' trouble afore. I reckerlect when I wuz in ther navy I'd been captured by pirates, an' they bound my hands astarn o' me, an' made me walk ther plank. I thought I wuz a goner when I went down in ther sea with a splash, an' ther ship sailed on."

"Den you vosn't killed, hey?" grinned Fritz.

"Killed! Why, no! Wot d'yer think saved me? Why, that 'ere timber peg o' mine, o' course. It floated and held me up, an' thar I drifted lyin' on my back fer nigh onto a fortnight, held up by that ole leg o' mine, until a ship came along an' I wuz picked up."

"Are you willing to swear to that yarn, Tim?" queried Jack.

"Aye, lad, on a stack o' Bibles ten feet high."

"Then tell us where your body and head was all the while your leg floated?"

"Why," stammered Tim, with a guilty look, "I reckon as my hulk an' figger-head wuz attached ter my wooden leg, o' course."

Jack and Fritz burst out laughing at the old liar, and he grew quite indignant, and asked in injured tones:

"Say, don't yer b'lieve me?"

"We are too polite to say we doubt yer," laughed Jack.

"Yah!" added the grinning Fritz, "because ve know vot a pig liar you vhas."

"There were very few defects in the boat," said Jack, to change the subject, "and we can very easily remedy them."

At this juncture a servant came in and announced several men to see Jack, and he glanced at their cards and told her to usher them in.

"The committee of the Geographical Society, for whom we are to make our Arctic trip," commented the boy, "Sylvanus O'Hara among them."

The gentlemen in question soon joined our friends in the library, and after the polite formalities were concluded, one of them asked:

"Well, Mr. Wright, have you made up your mind to agree to our offer? When I laid the matter before you for consideration on the occasion of my last call, you said you was not prepared to decide upon making the trip around the northern end of this Continent, until you had conferred with your two friends, you know."

"It has been agreed among us to go," replied Jack, "eh, boys?"

"Aye, aye! Fer my part, I'm ready," assented Tim.

"Und me neider," added Fritz, with a vigorous nod.

"I am delighted to hear it," said the geographer.

"My boat is very near completed," the boy remarked, "and we can easily leave on Monday morning at nine o'clock. If Mr. O'Hara will kindly be here on time with us, in your interests, all will be ready."

The boy glanced at one of the three gentlemen whom he referred to.

He was a tall, thin person, attired in a dark frock suit and a stove-pipe hat; he had a fiery-red head, a pair of red side whiskers, and kept his chin and lip clean shaven; his twinkling gray eyes were adorned by a bushy pair of red eyebrows, and he had the reddest kind of an impudent pug nose.



Slyvanus O'Hara was a typical Irish-American, possessed of plenty of money, a fund of geographical and scientific knowledge, and was of a mischievous, rollicking, devil-may-care disposition.

It had been planned by the society to let him accompany Jack in their interests, and a broad grin overspread his good-natured face.

"Bedad," said he, "I'll be after getting here before you are out of bed on Monday."

"You seem to be eager to make the journey," said Jack.

"Eager, is it? Why, by the powers, I'm looney to go!" he replied.

"Then as everything has been mapped out," said Jack, "and our arrangements have been completed, we need discuss the subject no further."

The callers thereupon took their departure.

Work was resumed upon the Dandy next morning, and when every defect had been attended to, our friends spent the next two days stocking her for her long journey. Meantime, Jack instituted inquiries by mail in Boston, discovered the owners of the Black Star, and opened a correspondence with them.

There were hundreds of items that were necessary for such a trip as Jack proposed to make, but as the boy had frequently made similar journeys in other vessels of his invention, he knew just what was needed, and therefore did not neglect anything.

On Monday morning everything was ready, and before they were out of bed a letter came from Boston for Jack, and O'Hara was on hand in a traveling suit, and carrying a valise.

Our friends then took the monkey and parrot on board the boat, and wishing their friends good-by, they started the

She glided out on the bay.

Hundreds of people knew about the proposed journey, and had gathered at the water's edge, where they cheered our friends off.

Tim and Fritz responded from the deck of the boat by waving flags and yelling until they were hoarse.

It was a beautiful, clear day, and followed by the adieux of the villagers, our friends soon opened up the headland, the boat glided out on the restless ocean, and Wrightstown vanished from view.

Jack was at the wheel, and he turned the prow of the boat to the northward, put on more power, and away dashed the Dandy over the waves like a racehorse.

She was embarked on the most perilous journey Jack Wright had ever undertaken, and the boy seemed to feel it in his bones.

"I have a notion we are running into danger, boys," he remarked to his friends, "but much as I'd like to abandon this cruise, I won't let my feelings get the best of me. Our fate is in God's hands."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE LONE BOATMAN.

The Dandy made good headway up the coast to the New Foundland banks, favored by fair weather most of the way, and turning Cape Race, the young inventor shaped her course for Labrador, and put the wheel in Tim's care.

It was a pleasant afternoon, and as the boy seated himself behind the old sailor, he drew the letter he got from Boston from his pocket, and said:

"Tim, I know all about the ship Black Star now, for in

the last letter I received from the owners they explained everything."

"Wot did they write to yer, lad?" asked the ancient mariner.

"Listen, and I will read the letter to you," the boy answered.

He withdrew a sheet of note paper from the envelope, and read:

"Boston, September 21, 18—.

"Mr. Jack Wright: Yours of the 15th duly received, and contents noted. In reply, we would say that we are the owners of the ship Black Star, which sailed from this port on the 10th inst. She is a vessel of nine hundred tons burden, laden with a miscellaneous cargo, and is bound for the port of Shanghai, via Cape Horn, in command of Captain Ben Bolt, and a crew of fifteen men, mostly Swedes, Danes and Americans. We expect she will arrive at her port of destination on or about the 20th of December—three months hence, where she will discharge her cargo and return laden with tea, coffee and spices by the regular route.

"As Captain Ben Bolt and his crew are all new men in our employ, we are unable to inform you about their honesty, and were very much surprised to read your charge of their assisting to abduct a boy from Wrightstown. Upon the return of the ship we shall inquire more strictly into the matter, and if the case warrants the dismissal of the captain and crew they shall be discharged, and suffer the penalty of their misdeeds. In the meantime, we shall apprise our agents in China of the facts, and upon the arrival of the ship in Shanghai, the kidnapped boy shall be taken from the captain's custody and held until he can be returned home on another vessel.

"We deeply regret that people in our employ have been guilty of this offense, and assure you that every reparation in our power shall be made. Yours very truly,

"Roger Randall & Co."

Tim listened attentively until the letter was finished, and then, giving his thigh a resounding whack with his hand, he exclaimed:

"Shiver my figger-head, if that 'ere ain't fair an' square."

"The ship-owners certainly could do no more than this," said Jack.

"In case we ain't in Chiny in time, then," said Tim reflectively, "them 'ere agents 'll git ther lad away from ther willains."

"Such an arrangement just suits me," said Jack, "for the trip we are on is one of such uncertainty as regards our ability to know how much time it will consume that with such a safeguard we can rest assured that the stolen boy will be looked out for."

Tim nodded and peered ahead, as he idly swung the wheel to and fro, and the first faint shadows of twilight fell on the sea.

In the gathering gloom, far ahead in the dim distance, the sailor's attention became riveted upon a tiny dark speck floating on the water.

Whatever this object was, it was then too far away to be discerned, but as it floated directly athwart the Dandy's course, it became very evident that she would soon run it down, and the old sailor accordingly kept his solitary eye fixed intently upon it.

Fritz was down in the engine room attending to the machinery at that moment, and O'Hara was in the cabin preparing a note book in which he intended to jot down his observations.

The young inventor fell to pondering over the probability of his managing to rescue the boy, and the boat drew nearer to the dark object.



Within a short time Tim distinguished that it was a row-boat, and saw that it contained a single occupant.

"Jack," he exclaimed, pointing at it, "looker thar!"

"Hello! What does that mean?" asked the boy, glancing out.

"A castaway, I reckon."

"He must be, as we are forty miles from land."

"Shall we bear down on him?"

"By all means."

Tim steered the Dandy toward the idly rocking boat, and when they came within a short distance Jack hailed its occupant.

"Boat ahoy!" he cried.

There came no reply from the man sitting in the stern-sheets.

"Boat ahoy!" repeated the boy, in a higher key.

Still no reply from the lone boatman who sat bolt upright staring straight ahead, without budging an inch.

The Dandy now hauled to within a short distance of the skiff, and Jack stared intently down at the castaway.

"Why, he is dead!" he remarked.

"Good Lord!" gasped Tim. "That's why he didn't answer, eh?"

"See the blank stare, the fallen jaw, and waxen face?"

"Aye, now, an' he's lashed hisself thar, which accounts fer him sittin' so stiddy," remarked Tim, staring at the lone boatman.

"I'm going to board that skiff and try to find out who he is," said the boy. "Who knows what dear ones the poor fellow may have in some far away land anxiously waiting and watching for him to return. Perhaps we may give them some tidings that will end their suspense, although it may fill their hearts with grief. Haul nearer to the skiff, Tim."

The boy went out on deck as he spoke, and taking a boat-hook from a rack, he caught the gunwale of the skiff and drew it over to the side of the Dandy.

Fritz now came out on deck, and held the handle of the boat-hook while the boy got down into the skiff.

It was evident at a glance that the man had not been dead more than a day or two, else his body would not have been so well preserved as it then was.

He wore the costume of a ship's officer—probably a mate.

There was not a drop of fresh water or a morsel of food in the nameless skiff, nor were there any oars, sail, or mast.

Jack made his way up to the dead man, and saw that he was clutching a stub pencil and a piece of torn paper in his hand.

The rigor of death had stiffened his fingers about them like a vise, and the boy made an effort to secure the paper, but he found it hard work to withdraw it from the icy hand.

By persevering, however, he finally succeeded, and glancing at the paper, he saw that, as he suspected, it contained some writing.

Upon it was scrawled, in a feeble hand:

"Cast adrift miles from land without food, water, sails or oars, by the cruel order of Captain Ben Bolt, of the Black Star, where I was sick with fever, I can only resign myself to my fate, for I know my days are numbered. If this boat and my lifeless remains fall into the hands of a crew of a passing ship, they may know by this statement that I was a better man than my messmates, and was treated thus for interfering when they were beating a poor boy named Ned Frost, whom they abducted from Wrightstown. The ship and cargo are stolen by mutual agreement among the men, for instead of proceeding to China, the vessel was steered for the north, and now is bound for Hudson Bay, where everything will be sold, and all will disperse, according to a plan of Anthony Redmond. It is then——"

The letter came to an abrupt end here.

For what reason Jack could not imagine.

Probably the man died before he could finish it.

He was overwhelmed with astonishment over its contents.

"By thunder!" he gasped, reading it through again, "this is startling."

He then thrust the letter into his pocket and searched the corpse for some sign of identification, but beyond the few sundries such as most seamen carry in their pockets he found nothing.

Jack resolved to give the poor castaway a decent burial, but this trouble was saved him, for in returning to the deck of the Dandy, he capsized the boat, and the body, which he had loosened, fell into the sea, and was seized by a shark and disappeared.

Fritz thereupon let the half-sunken boat drift away.

The young inventor then called the Dutch boy into the pil<sup>l</sup> house and read the strangely found letter to him and Tim, arousing their most intense astonishment over it.

"How peculiar that this letter should fall into our possession!" the boy exclaimed. "It is the most singular thing that ever occurred to me. It gives us the most desirable information about our enemy's movements. It shows us a most terrible plot, and it gives us an opportunity of saving Ned Frost long before we anticipated, if we can overhaul the stolen ship ere she reaches her destination."

"Donner vetter, Shack, who would a-t'ought it?" gasped Fritz. "Dem son-ouf-a-sea-gooks vhas got ter taken der same courses as ve took, und nefer mind if dey got a start on us, ve run dem down sooner as dey vill by deir port got, und dot seddles id alretty."

"Thar's ther finger o' fate in this, lads, ye kin mark me," said Tim solemnly. "Why should we ha' found this in a boat if it wuzn't specially designed fer our information as ter whar we is ter look fer them 'ere rascals? Keel haul me, if I ain't superstitious about it. I reckerlect when I wuz in ther navy, in mid-ocean——"

"Mild up, Bolivar, mild up!" screeched the parrot just then.

"Avast, thar!" growled Tim, glaring balefully at the bird. "As I wuz a-sayin', a leetle baby fell overboard from ther deck o' ther ole Wabash, an' as it wuz only two months old, an' couldn't swim, I sprung in arter it, an' grabbed it jist as a shark wuz a-goin' ter gobble it down. Every one on deck rushed to ther bul'arks an' yelled when they seen ther shark go fer me. Ther next minute ther man-eater caught me by ther leg. Everybody gave me up fer lost. Crack! went my leg in two, an' some o' ther crew fainted. I didn't. I swum back ter ther ship——"

"Mitoudt some legs?" asked Fritz skeptically.

"Lor' bless yer, no. It wuz my wooden peg."

"Oh! Und who owneded dot kid?" growled Fritz. "Beebles don't pring dem on poard ouf a man-ouf-var shenerally, do dey, vhen she's in mid-oceans?"

Tim looked abashed, and rapidly changed the subject, for he saw that he was cornered on that yarn, and the Dandy started ahead again.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE ICEBERG.

With a prospect of overhauling the Black Star, our friends drove the Dandy along the Labrador coast for the following two days, and she made rapid headway until she nearly reached Nachvak Bay.



Here a whaling ship was encountered, and Jack ran the Dandy up to it, hailed the captain, and asked him:

"Have you seen anything of a ship northbound called the Black Star?"

"We passed her two days ago off Resolution Island," was the reply.

"In which direction was she going?" queried the boy.

"Into Hudson Strait," answered the other.

The Dandy parted company with the ship, and Jack turned to Tim.

"We are close upon her heels," he remarked. "I expect that we will overhaul her within twenty-four hours, Tim."

"That depends on how much luck we have," said the old sailor in dubious tones. "See them floatin' fields o' ice. It's a-breakin' up in ther north now, an' may choke up ther strait so's we can't git in on ther surface, while if we goes under water thar's no tellin' but wot we'll pass ther Black Star by."

"True," assented the boy. "I did not think of that."

Not far away there were great ice floes drifting southward with the current, which clearly indicated a general breaking up of the ice in the direction they were then heading for.

The Dandy kept straight ahead, hugging the coast as much as possible to avoid contact with floes, and by nightfall she was rounding Cape Chudleigh.

It was as Tim predicted.

The strait was badly choked with drift ice, and navigation was utterly impossible upon the surface.

Relying upon the hope that the Black Star had passed into the strait before the ice came down, Jack resolved to submerge the Dandy and get past the great barrier.

Several miles beyond where they lay he saw with his glass that there was open water.

"It is evident that the Black Star passed through before this choke began," the boy remarked to his friends, "for you can see yourselves that the blockade is of very recent formation."

"Faith, it may be dangerous to go below that ice field," said O'Hara dubiously. "It's little you're after knowin' of how deep it may be floating, and one punch into that mass would fix us."

"Our searchlight is so powerful," the boy replied, "I have no fear to venture a trial. Now, boys, get everything in readiness for the descent, and we will see what we can do."

Tim and Fritz started to obey.

Ahead the field presented a very ugly appearance.

There were great cakes and blocks jammed together in a hilly, jagged mass, that was piled up in the wildest disorder, with here and there an opening through which the water was seen.

In some places the aspect was grandly beautiful, and the continued influx of additional ice made the field groan and crunch with a grinding, splitting and thunderous noise.

As soon as the Dandy was in readiness for the descent, the boy started the pumps and she went down to a depth of forty feet.

The searchlight was started, and shooting ahead, lit up the water and gave it a most singular appearance.

It was filled with millions of fine particles of ice that were ground from the mass above, and as the electric light flashed upon these fine needles, they glittered and sparkled like so many diamonds.

Jack started his boat ahead, and saw that the bottom of the floe was about ten feet and less above the boat.

The Dandy glided through the freezing water like some great submarine monster, and soon was passing beneath the field of ice at the rate of twenty knots an hour.

It was like gliding through fairyland with all those twinkling flashes of light around them.

A chill from the freezing water pervaded the interior of the boat, and the inmates of it noticed that most of the fishes remained down deep.

Jack steered the boat for Cape Best, as the ice field seemed to terminate at a point between Green Island and the coast of Baffin Land.

The boy found the shore ice to be the thickest, but kept on along the coast as closely as possible.

As they proceeded ahead a faint rumble met their ears.

It kept increasing in volume as they proceeded ahead, until at last a continual roaring like ceaseless thunder kept echoing through the hollow boat.

None of them could see what caused it, and yet they knew that they were fast approaching some mighty disturbing influence, for besides this rumbling the boat began to tremble and shake and sway and rock in the utmost agitation.

A look of anxiety crossed Jack's face.

"I wish I knew the cause of this commotion," he remarked.

"Can't we get out by der surfaces, yet vonct?" asked Fritz.

"Not very well, as the ice yet floats above us."

"Bedad, you'd better be after turning back, then," said O'Hara.

"I want to find out the cause of this rumpus."

"Aye, but we may run into danger this way," said Tim, uneasily.

"I'll head out for mid-channel," said Jack.

He steered the boat off, and glancing out the window, he saw that the ice above was thinning out, and observed that daylight was beginning to show itself.

It therefore became evident that there was clear water above, and the boy started the pump to empty the boat of her ballast.

She thereupon arose surfaceward, burst through a thin sheet of ice, and floated on the top of the water.

But she was in a peculiar situation now.

They were much closer to the shore of Baffin Land than Jack imagined.

Close to where they then were an enormous mass of ice arose above them to a height of eighty feet in a peculiar shape.

It was overtopped with pinnacles, perforated by enormous fissures and holes, and broken by pendants, columns, overhanging projections, and open at the base, a stream gushing from under it.

In a word, it was the termination of a glacier, or river of solid ice, which ran down through the valley between two steep hills, and the noise they heard came from the breaking off of the end of the glacier, forming an iceberg.

Enormous masses detached themselves with loud detonations, their fall smashing the ice floe, and causing the waves to swell.

A labyrinth of more or less symmetrical spires and pinnacles toppled over, and then there sounded a terrific detonation.

The enormous projecting end of the glacier had broken loose, and, as if the sea's bottom were giving way beneath it, little by little it glided out and descended, for the bottom had been rotted by the action of the sea and was crumbling away.

A shout escaped Jack.

"The berg is coming toward us, and may fall over!"

"Jerusalem ther golden!" gasped Tim. "Scoot!"

There was an open stretch of water ahead of the boat, from which they were separated by a thin sheet of ice, and the boy started the Dandy at full speed toward it.

They were menaced now by the greatest peril, for the berg was violently rocking as its base crumbled away, and it seemed every moment as if it would topple over on the boat.

Should it fall before they got out of the way there was every prospect of the Dandy being crushed to fragments.

Jack realized this.

He put on full speed, and the boat shot ahead, her prow



ripped up the ice, as she cut her way through it, and sent it flying in all directions, her wheels buzzed like circular saws, and she sped along within fifty feet of the threatening berg to get out of its way.

Moreover, the detached pieces of ice now began to rain down from the rocking berg in a furious shower, many of the blocks striking the hull of the Dandy like cannon balls.

She stood the terrific fusillade bravely, and echoed back the pounding blows, while on the ice floe there crashed a downfall that knocked great crevices into it, smashed great openings through, and sent up great showers of water.

On dashed the Dandy, and she was just passing the berg when her submerged bow suddenly struck a huge block of ice that was floating a few feet below the surface.

There came a terrific shock that knocked every one sprawling upon the floor, and the gearing was thrown off one of the wheels down in the machinery department, causing the walking-beam to stop and the boat to pause.

As soon as Jack got upon his feet and saw what had occurred, he shouted to Fritz to run below and replace the gear.

"Look out, me boy!" yelled O'Hara, glancing out the window at the berg. "It's dead men we'll be in one minute more, for the berg is falling over upon us now."

A thrill of dismay passed over Jack, for he saw that the geographer had told the truth.

The berg tilted far over, rocking violently, and was evidently upon the point of falling from topheaviness.

There were thousands of tons weight in it, and once it came down upon the stationary boat it was bound to crush it.

"There's but one desperate chance to save ourselves," said Jack.

"An' wot's that, lad?" asked Tim, in fearful tones.

"To sink the boat, and I'll try it," replied the boy, and he sent the Dandy toward the bottom the next moment.

## CHAPTER VII.

### O'HARA COMES TO GRIEF.

Down went the Dandy, her pumps working furiously, and although it was dangerous to leave the upper atmosphere and descend into the dense submarine pressure so rapidly, they had to do it.

Before she was fifty feet below Fritz yelled through the speaking tube.

"Der gear vhas back by its blace! Stand her ahet, Shack!"

"All right!" the boy responded, turning one of the levers.

The screw revolved, and the Dandy darted toward the bottom at an angle, her walking-beam pounding, and her propellers adding to her rapidity of descent.

Scarcely had she gotten well under way, however, when there sounded a roar above that made the earth tremble.

The berg had fallen!

It created a terrific commotion in the water.

A mass of ice and brine shot up in the air, immense waves were driven along by the shock, and the water was driven down upon the boat with the force of a hydraulic machine.

Down sunk the mountain of ice, burying itself, and its bottom struck one end of the Dandy ere it rebounded surface-ward.

This powerful blow, added to the force of the water squeezed upon the submarine boat, sent the Dandy toward the bottom like a rock, while the shock knocked her inmates down.

"We're lost, begorra!" shouted O'Hara.

"Fritz!" shouted Jack, through the tube, "see where she was struck."

"Holy Moses!" bawled Tim, "ther berg went clean through the hull."

"It didn't!" sharply exclaimed the young inventor.

"It did! I seen it, lad," insisted the old liar. "I sighted ther end o' ther bow floatin' over thar, an'——"

"How could a piece of open metal float?"

Tim did not reply.

The boat was driven down, and the berg went up again, upon seeing which Jack stopped the influx of water as rapidly as he could, and then began to pump it out.

The air expanding and the water pouring out of the boat gave her a buoyancy to resist being driven down, and her descent was slackened in speed until at last she came to a pause and began to rise.

The bow turned upward, and driven by her screws, she shot up surfaceward almost as swiftly as she had been going down.

Jack glanced at the depth register, and saw that they had gone down over two hundred feet before pausing.

Fritz now shouted up from below:

"Dere vhas a bick dent in der deck ub forets."

"Was the hull broken any?" Jack shouted back.

"Nein. Noding vhas proke, und she vun drop don't leak, al-retty."

"Then come up here. You may be needed."

"Nothin' else busted, as I kin see," said Tim, stumping in from a general tour of inspection he had made of the boat.

"We have had a narrow escape from total destruction."

"Be heavens, it's a dangerous strait this is to navigate," said O'Hara, drawing a blank book from his pocket, "and I'll make a note of it."

By the time the boat had arisen to the surface, she was a quarter of a mile away from the glacier.

The fallen iceberg was now drifting along with the current, one-third of its height above water, and Jack saw that it was a monster of its kind, and a foe to be dreaded, as the current it was in caused it to cut a passage for itself through the floe.

The Dandy was then opposite Green Island.

It was of fair size and covered with snow from a recent squall.

In that cold region our friends were forced to wear very heavy underwear and fur outer clothing.

Moreover, the boy had invented an electric heat radiator for keeping the boat warm, which was worked by the Dandy's battery.

They continued on, and at a distance of thirty miles came to Long Island, where Jack resolved to stop, in order to give O'Hara an opportunity to make some surveys.

They saw upon a near approach to the island that it was covered with trees, rocks and leafless bushes, while over everything there was a mantle of pure white snow, several inches deep.

A cold, bleak wind was drifting it in misty clouds, when the Dandy ran into a cove and came to anchor close to the shore.

The afternoon sun was declining.

"We cannot remain long," said Jack. "Early in the morning we must get under way, for every hour we lose the Black Star gains."

"Shure, and it won't take me more than two hours," replied O'Hara, as he took his box of instruments and went out on deck.

Tim had taken a portable boat from the storeroom in sections, and having adjusted it, he launched it in the water and embarked.

The geographer got in with him, and Tim rowed him ashore.

"I can't say as this are a werry cheerful spot," remarked



the old sailor, as he pulled his skiff up on the beach. "Thar ain't nuthin' as I kin see ter lend any life ter ther place, but there 'ere lummy birds, an' ther barkin' seals along ther shore on them rocks yonder."

"Faith, we couldn't have struck a better location for what I'm after wanting," replied O'Hara. "From the top of those rocks over there I can get the best possible view of the channel with my instruments, and it's up there I'm going this very blessed minute, do you mind?"

"Do you need me for anything?" queried Tim.

"Nothing in particular, except to row me back, me boy."

"Better be careful if you go alone," cautioned Tim.

"What is there to be afraid of, I'd like to know?"

"Landslides—pitfalls—earthquakes."

"Ah, go along with you for an old croaker."

"Lord!" said Tim, "don't yer think I know, when I've got ketched myself?"

"You? How?" asked O'Hara, pausing doubtfully.

"It happened a good many years ago," replied Tim, confidentially. "Yer see, I wuz then a marine aboard o' ther Wabash, an' we wuz off ther coast o' Alaska, when we see a gang o' Esquimaux on shore a-fightin' one o' ther Rooshian settlers, an' a boat wuz lowered, manned, an' put off ter rescue ther poor feller's fambly. I wuz among 'em, an' reachin' shore, we picked up our guns, an' ran fer ther savages, when suddenly we ran upon a smooth piece o' snow, and down we went inter a hole two hundred an' thirty-four feet deep, an——"

"Howld on, Tim!" interposed O'Hara, with a broad grin. "How in thunder did you measure the depth of the hole so accurately?"

Tim scratched his head, pondered a moment, brightened up, and replied:

"Jerry Tim, O'Hara."

"Sylvester O'Hara, if you please."

"Aye, I know. But, as I was goin' ter say, I've got a good eye, an' I reckoned as that was ther depth wi' a glance. Anyway, we clumb up out o' the cellar an' went for the Chinamen, 'cause we seen as they wuz bound ter kill that castaway Yankee sailor——"

"Be heavens, you said they were Esquimaux tackling a Russian settler with his family," suspiciously interrupted O'Hara.

"Did I?" asked Tim, with a confused expression.

"It's my opinion you're drunk, old fellow. You've lost your head."

"I never drink," hotly answered Tim.

"Shure that's another lie!"

"What! D'yer mean ter insult me?"

"The Lord forbid! It would be impossible to do the likes of that," answered O'Hara, and shouldering his implements he burst into a hearty peal of laughter and walked away, leaving Tim wondering whether his last remark was sarcasm or a belief in his honesty.

The good-natured fellow made his way through the snow along the shore, and headed for a high rocky promontory overlooking the water, where he soon was deeply engaged with his work, while Tim returned to the skiff and sat down to await his return.

O'Hara had not been there long when he heard footsteps approaching behind his back, and imagining it was Tim, he did not even turn his head, but, continuing his work, he said:

"Faith, it's the most decent location I could have found, me boy, and it's finished me work will soon be, so I won't keep you waiting long."

He received no reply, and went on with his work.

The footsteps behind him kept drawing nearer every moment.

"Shure you needn't have troubled yourself to have come up here," O'Hara continued, as he busily noted the result of his observations in his memorandum book. "I could get along without any help. But it's curious you are, I fancy, to see how the likes of this work is done, so be the same token, I have no objections to your company."

Still no reply was given.

The footsteps had now come to a pause.

O'Hara was so preoccupied with the sum he was figuring out that he did not notice with what silence his remarks were met.

As soon as he finished figuring he put the book in his pocket, and leveling his instrument in another direction, he squinted through in silence for a few moments, and then remarked:

"Bedad, this is the last look I'll take, and then I'll have the equal widths of this channel jotted down. I won't have to take any more surveys then till we reach Salisbury Island. You can go back now, Mr. Tim, and launch your boat. We'll be back aboard of the Dandy of the Deep in time for supper, then, and—oh—ouch!"

He ended his remarks in a sudden yell of horror, for just then he felt a pair of enormous arms grasp him around the body, and heard a fierce, guttural growl right behind him.

O'Hara turned his head and caught a glimpse of the stranger to whom he had been addressing his remarks, and he turned deathly pale, and his hair stood on end as he gasped in horrified tones:

"Be heavens, it's a polar bear!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AN OLD ENEMY.

"Help! Help! Mother of Moses, it's a dead man I am!" roared O'Hara.

He made an effort to struggle out of the tight embrace of the huge monster that had hold of him, but found it an impossible feat to do.

Weaponless and alone, his arms pinioned to his sides by the beast, and the breath half squeezed out of his body, O'Hara was helplessly at the mercy of the shaggy brute, and felt as if his last hour had come.

His voice rang out over the water and reached Jack's ears.

The young inventor stood in the pilot-house of the Dandy, and looking up, he saw the geographer's peril.

A thrill of dismay passed over the boy, but without losing his self-possession for an instant, it flashed across his mind at once that unless he could do something to aid O'Hara the man would inevitably be killed by the polar bear.

Rapidly measuring the distance that separated him from the endangered man, Jack saw that the intervening space did not exceed one hundred yards in a straight line.

"I think I could hit the bear with a ball," he muttered, as he took down a pneumatic rifle from a rack on the wall. "At any rate, I can do no more than try. If I fail to strike the beast it will tear O'Hara to pieces, as he isn't armed."

And so saying the boy rushed out on the forward deck, and took deliberate aim at the great white-haired brute.

He had to be careful not to shoot O'Hara.

Everything depended upon the success of his shot, for the geographer's life hung in the balance.

Jack had to wait until the man and beast were in such a position that the ball would not reach the former.

A moment of dreadful suspense ensued.

The boy's aim was as steady as a rock, although he knew his friend's life was in his hands at that moment.

Then Jack fired, but no report came from the rifle.



The ball whistled on its way.

True to its mark, the bullet struck the bear, and being made like a bomb, the high explosive with which it was charged caused it to burst when it had penetrated the bear's body.

A muffled report ensued, a huge piece was torn out of the brute's body by the destructive bullet, and both the beast and O'Hara fell.

For an instant it seemed as if the man was killed, too.

But he had merely fallen beneath the body of the bear, which had died a moment after it was struck, and after having drawn himself from under it with great difficulty, O'Hara arose to his feet.

"Be heavens, that was a lucky shot!" he gasped. "The spalpeen is as dead as a door nail, and I've got Jack to thank for doing it."

He waved his hand to the boy.

"Was you hurt?" shouted Jack.

"Divil a bit, good luck to your aim," responded O'Hara.

"Is the bear dead?"

"More power to your elbow, it's as stiff as a poker!"

"Where's Tim?"

"Coming now, with an oar in his fist."

The old sailor, puffing and panting, came hobbling up on the rocks, and uttering a whoop, he stumped up to the carcass and began to batter it with an oar he carried.

"Great guns, O'Hara!" he yelled, "heave ahead! I'll save yer!"

"No need now. The bear is dead," replied the geographer.

"Blow me—have I killed it already, lad?" queried Tim, ceasing hostilities and glaring down at the defunct beast.

"No; it was dead before you appeared," replied O'Hara.

"Ther deuce it wuz. Why, ther lubber tried to claw me jist now."

"Shure, an' you simply moved its body by beating it."

"Oh, ye can't make me b'lieve that," said Tim. "But we won't argyfy over it. Lend me a hand, an' we'll ship it aboard o' ther Dandy, whar Fritz 'll cook up his jiblets for our supper."

Between the two they managed to get the bear's carcass aboard of the Dandy, and it was put in possession of the Dutch boy, who was delighted with it, when Tim began to lie about it.

"Yer wouldn't imagine ther power o' my arms," said he to Fritz. "It wuz jist a-goin' ter chaw O'Hara's head off when up I comes, an' haulin' off wi' my wooden leg I kicked that hole in its ribs. Down went ther b'ar, an' O'Hara wuz a-thank-in' ther Lord that I arruv jist in time, when——"

"If I ain't much mistaken, the shot I fired at the bear from the deck killed it," interposed Jack just then, and Tim collapsed and slunk away, feeling very uncomfortable, followed by a roar of exasperating laughter from Fritz.

"Ve vhas enough meat here to last us a month," said the Dutch boy, "und dot skins vill a peautiful robe make for you also."

"I've taken all the blow out of Tim for a while, too," laughed Jack.

A short time afterward supper was served, and they all had a taste of bear meat, which added to the savor of their supper.

The watch was then divided, and while Time and O'Hara turned in, Jack and Fritz assumed control of the boat and started her.

There was some floating ice in the strait, but not enough to do them any material harm, and they continued on until they reached Charles Island, when, just as day was breaking, one of the engine wheels broke, and the machinery stopped.

Jack and Fritz were then below, but came up, and upon finding out what had happened, the boy made an examination

of the injury, and saw that it would occupy half a day to repair it.

"We will have to tow the Dandy ashore and repair the wheel," said he to Tim. "Get the skiff ready. Pshaw! I'm sorry we've got to lose so much time at this crisis!"

A hawser was made fast from the bow of the Dandy to the stern of the skiff, and O'Hara rowed it ashore, towing the submarine boat toward a sheltered lagoon.

The Dandy had scarcely passed through the entrance, when Jack, who stood in the pilot-house steering her, cried in excited tones:

"That will do! Back her here, O'Hara!"

"But sure you told me——"

"Do as I say now!"

"All right, me boy, but——"

"Say no more, but come aboard when you are done—Tim!"

"Aye, aye, lad!"

"Run out and drop the anchor—quick!"

"Wot's ther matter now?"

"Matter enough. Look over there in the lagoon."

"Good Lord! It's ther ship Black Star!"

"Yes, and the watch on the deck sees us now."

"Wot in blazes are they a-doin' in here?"

"Repairing a broken spar. Fritz! Fritz!"

"Shiminey Christmas! Vot's der matter?" gasped the Dutch boy, appearing.

"Haul out the pneumatic gun! There's hot work ahead for us."

"Vell, I nefer. Vhas anydings gone wrong?"

"Don't you see our enemy over there?"

"Donner und blitzten! Yes."

O'Hara now had the boat pulled into shoal water, and he rowed back, while Tim let the anchor go, and cursed the misfortune that left them helpless, just as they sighted their enemy's boat, and needed the use of their ~~eyes to see~~ the Dandy.

The submarine boat now came to a pause, well anchored, not more than five cable lengths from the ship, upon the deck of which the utmost excitement was now visible.

Jack ran to the deck, and seeing Captain Ben Bolt and Anthony Redmond standing at the bulwarks pointing over at the Dandy and talking, he shouted:

"Ship ahoy!"

"Ahoy!" replied Ben Bolt gruffly. "What do you want?"

"I have followed you from Wrightstown," the boy replied, "and I want the possession of Ned Frost, satisfaction for your ill-treatment of me, the surrender of Anthony Redmond for trying to murder his wife, and the return of the stolen ship and cargo."

"You don't want much!" sneered the ugly captain.

"If my orders are not complied with at once," said Jack sternly, "I shall open fire upon your craft and blow her up."

"Well, I don't intend to obey you!" retorted the skipper hotly.

And so saying, he turned to his men, gave them some orders, and they slipped the anchor, raised the jibs, and a few moments afterward the Black Star glided toward the sea.

O'Hara by this time had gotten aboard of the Dandy, and Fritz had hauled out a gun of peculiar appearance and loaded it.

From the deck of the Black Star there now came the sound of a fight, and Jack saw Ned Frost struggling to spring overboard, while two of the ruffianly crew held him back.

"Save me! Save me, Jack Wright!" the poor boy shrieked.

"I'll rescue him if I have to track that ship around the world!" hissed Jack. "Oh, why did our machinery break down now?"

"Der gun vhas retty!" announced Fritz just then



"Look out, thar!" yelled Tim. "They're a-goin' ter fire at us, lads."

There were a dozen of Ben Bolt's crew armed with rifles, which they now rested upon the bulwarks, apparently about to fire.

Our friends ran into the wire cage amidships, and just had time to close the doors when the crew of the Black Star discharged a volley at them, and the bullets rattled against the woven wire.

No rifle ball was capable of penetrating the cage, and our friends armed themselves and returned a volley by firing through the loopholes and struck several of their enemies.

The ship kept steadily on, and passed out upon the sea, to Jack's chagrin, and the firing continued.

## CHAPTER IX.

### OVER THE FALL.

Before the Black Star was well out upon the sea Jack had attired himself in a metal suit of aluminum, which was perfectly impervious to rifle bullets, and went out on deck to the pneumatic gun.

He aimed the piece to bear upon the departing ship, and fired it.

No report ensued save the thud of escaping air, but the long brass projectile screamed like a steam whistle as it flew through the air.

Jack was an expert gunner.

His shot sped true to its mark and struck the ship.

There came a terrific explosion, a shower of wood and iron-work flew into the air, and there came a chorus of wild yells from the crew of the ship, as the destructive missile tore away the stern of the ship about the taffrail.

She was badly damaged, and sped on before the wind around the projecting strip of land, where she disappeared.

Several rifle shots were fired back at the young inventor, and most of them struck him, but failed to pierce his armor.

"Gone!" he exclaimed in disgust, when he saw the ship disappear. "They've escaped us again, boys."

"Thar ain't much likelihood o' thar goin' inter Hudson Bay, as they intended," remarked Tim, "for they're a-headin' fer ther north'ard, and can't pass our guns, between here and Mansfield Islan', by takin' ter Lyons Channel."

"No," assented Jack thoughtfully. "They know now that we are aware of their rascality, are on their track, and mean to hunt them down. Captain Bolt is too discreet a rascal to do anything to place himself at a disadvantage."

"Der bestest ting vot ve can do vould be to mend dot proke vheel, und chase dem so soon as bossible," said Fritz.

The rest saw the sense of this remark at once, and they began operations with all possible dispatch.

Indeed, so fast did they work that the damage was repaired in less time than they anticipated.

It was mid-day, however, before they were ready to start.

During the time they had been repairing the broken wheel O'Hara had been posted with a glass on top of the pilot-house, heading for King's Cape on the southern point of Fox Land, by which it became very evident that the crew of the fugitive ship had altered their original plans, and left Hudson Bay severely alone.

As soon as everything was in readiness Fritz went to prepare their dinner, and Jack returned to the pilot-house, where the geographer gave his report, and the boy started the machinery.

The boat now worked as well as ever.

Following the direction in which O'Hara had seen the

Black Star going, Jack put speed on, and drove the boat hard.

They passed between Salisbury and Nottingham Islands, and reaching the coast of Fox Land, rounded King's Cape.

Jack was now at a loss how to proceed.

Ahead of them there opened the broad waters of Fox Channel, with Fox Land on the east and Southampton Island on the west.

Not a vestige of a sail was visible anywhere.

The sun went down, and in the twilight the snow-clad shores glistened with a white, spectral light, while the coast-line was alive with birds, the flapping of wings and the screams of which aroused a strange noise along the great cliffs.

"No sign of the fugitive yet, Tim," said the boy, disconsolately.

"Bless my soul, lad, you must 'member as they've got a long start on us," replied the old sailor.

"The trouble is if they are hiding in some sequestered nook along the shore we will have a hard time to find them."

"Werry true; we might pass 'em, in fack," assented Tim, taking a big chew of navy plug; "but we'll have ter run chances on that, lad, fer— Ha! Wot's that?"

"What?"

Tim stood in an attitude of listening intently for a moment, and holding up his hand, he turned the glare of his solitary eye upon the boy excitedly, and gasped, in a whisper:

"Don't ye hear it, lad—listen—don't ye hear it?"

With a puzzled look upon his face, Jack strained his ears in an effort to ascertain what the old sailor meant.

He shook his head presently, with a disappointed look.

"I don't hear anything," he replied. "You must have been—ah! Now I hear it—a ship's bell, Tim, isn't it?"

"Aye, as true as you're a sinner!"

It was a faint, distant sound, coming from far away to the eastward, and it was just audible to the boy.

Jack glanced in the direction it came from, and saw that the shore of Fox Land was there a mass of high, towering cliffs.

"The sound came from along that shore, Tim," he remarked, "and you may depend that there's a vessel in there somewhere."

"Ther Black Star?"

"I can't tell by the sound of the bell."

"Nor I, neither. I reckerlect when I wuz in ther navy, though—"

"This is no time for yarns, Tim. Let us find out where that ship is."

"With all my heart, lad. Send ther Dandy ter leeward."

"There's O'Hara on deck now, taking soundings, in compliance with his geographical duties. You go out and tally the depths, as we must not strike a rock or run aground here, you know."

"Aye, aye, my hearty!" replied Tim, saluting and stumping out.

Jack sent his boat over shoreward, while O'Hara was heaving the lead and Tim was calling off the different depths.

In a short time the Dandy was within forty yards of the precipitous shore, and ran along, with Tim on the lookout.

The cliffs were so high that they shut off a general view of the interior of the land, but from a distance, Jack had seen that there were many mountains far in the interior.

Along the barren, rocky coast shot the Dandy, when suddenly the young inventor observed that there was a powerful current that caught the boat, and was sweeping it along to the leeward.

The moaning sound of the wind then reached his ears.

He saw by the eddying of sand and dust that came from the cliffs that there was a whirling current of air spinning around near a large rift in the cliffs ahead.



With a loud, gurgling sound, the strong current of water was pouring through this great ravine, and when the boat reached it the boy glanced into the immense opening.

It had a dark, gloomy appearance.

Both the wind and the tide seemed to concentrate at the mouth of the great canyon, and rush into it with mad, irresistible fury.

For a moment the boy noticed that the boat quivered from stem to stern; then, as if seized in the grip of some giant's hand, she suddenly spun around and around in the eddying current, and was dragged into the opening and blown along by the fierce wind.

It was a regular trap of natural formation.

For some strange reason, which we will disclose later on, the wind and tide poured into the canyon with a strength and force that were more than equal to the power of the boat.

Jack realized it the moment they ran into the great crevice. It was very dark all around them.

To dispel the gloom the boy turned on the electric lights. "Tim!" he yelled, "we're in a trap!"

"Can't yer turn her about?"

"No; the wind and tide are too strong for her."

"Lord save us! We may strike a rock in this gloom."

"Wait! I'll start the searchlight."

A moment later the electric lights flared up on the boat, and the brilliant gleam of the searchlight shot over the water and showed them their situation.

The entire bed of the great tunnel was flooded, and the waters were rushing along with foamy crest and the loudest ripples, as they poured over thousands of jagged rocks that arose from the depths ahead of them.

Jack shot the searchlight ahead, and saw a large ship with all sails set that was plunging on ahead of them, propelled by the roaring wind to an amazing velocity, and dragged ahead by the current, which added to her speed.

"It's the Black Star!" cried the boy, recognizing her.

"Aye, aye!" replied Tim. "'Twas her bells we heerd."

"She is caught in this tide, too, isn't she?"

"Jist as bad as we are."

The boy now reversed his propellers, to try and back out. Against that current, however, they were perfectly unavailing, for she did not back an inch.

He then stopped the wheels.

The Dandy went rushing ahead, and all the boy could do was to steer her to save her from going upon the rocks.

When the rays of the searchlight struck the ship its crew saw the Dandy in pursuit, and in an effort to keep out of the clutches of our friends left all their canvas standing.

In this manner they were swiftly borne along, and presently heard a dull rumbling roar ahead, which grew louder every moment.

"Heaven help us now!" gasped Jack, pointing ahead. "Now I see what causes these waters to rush in here from Fox Channel. There is a waterfall ahead of us!"

"Then we're doomed if we goes ower it!" exclaimed Tim.

"Dot depends on how high id vhas!" said Fritz logically.

"There goes the ship over it now, bedad!" cried O'Hara, in dismay.

The Black Star had gone headlong over the fall, and the Dandy rushed on reached the edge of the descent and also went over.

## CHAPTER X.

### THROUGH A MODERN RIVER STRAINT INTO INFERNO.

With a terrific crash the Dandy struck the water at the base of the fall, was buried out of sight for a moment, and then came to the surface and floated.

Every one within her had been knocked prostrate by the shock, but, thoroughly alive to the danger they were in, Jack rapidly recovered himself and bounded to his feet.

He cast a swift glance backward.

The fall was not a high one, yet it showed enough slant to give impetus to the stream flowing in from the sea.

A glance ahead showed him the Black Star drifting along, the shock of her shoot over the fall having sent one of her masts, with its rigging, by the board.

Her crew were yelling, Captain Bolt was issuing orders quick and fast to clear away the wreckage, and some of the rascally crew, injured by shooting the falls, were being carried down below.

Some of the glassware and many portable articles on the Dandy had been broken by their fall, but no serious damage had been done to either vessel.

From the base of the fall there was such a decided slant in the river toward the interior of the land that the current here was almost as swift as it was above the fall, and it carried the two boats along very rapidly.

The twilight was fast deepening into the gloom of night, and the later it got the darker it became down in the gorge, the perpendicular and almost smooth walls of which towered nearly a thousand feet in height for a distance of many miles.

The brilliant glow of the electric lights in the immediate vicinity of the boat, and the strong glare of the searchlight far ahead, lit up the dismal scene and showed them their surroundings.

Jack had dispatched his friends to examine every inch of the Dandy, outside and in, after she struck the bottom of the fall, but they reported no serious damage done anywhere.

"We can never return up this river," said the boy to the dismayed trio, as they grouped around him in the pilot-house "on account of the waterfall. Now, the question arises, where is this current and wind carrying us against our will?"

O'Hara pondered a moment, and then replied:

"Faith, it's a phenomena I've never witnessed before, but it is natural to infer that there's an exit for it somewhere. The very latest maps of Baffin Land show only one interior lake yet discovered, and that is Lake Kennedy in Penny Land, which is fed by an almost straight river, running in from Fox Channel near Cape Dorchester, and another to the eastward from Cumberland Sound."

"The downward slope of the river," said Jack, "shows conclusively that the interior of this land is a great hollow basin, which may contain an inland sea, and as it has not all been explored yet, it is my opinion that this stream empties into it."

"Bedad, it's a reasonable conclusion you've mentioned," said O'Hara, "and one that I'm after showing myself, do you mind, but we will soon ascertain if we keep on at this rate."

"The ship, with her sails up, driving before this fierce wind, is outrunning us, although her mizzen mast is gone."

"Vot's der difference?" queried Fritz. "Ve don't could been able to fight dem indis blace alretty, und I tink me if dere has some tangers ahet vonet, dey vlll run into dem first, und ve brofits by delr droubles alretty."

"Ily! An' thar's one on 'em now!" said Tim.

The cliff-tops overhead had come together some distance further on, forming an immense tunnel, into which the swift river flowed in stygian darkness.

The Black Star had already shot into the tunnel and vanished.

On raced the Dandy after the ship, a loud grating noise on her arms betraying the fact that she was passing over some dangerous rocks, upon which the water boiled and hissed, while a harsh, rasping now and then showed them where the sandy shoals arose from the depths.



Within a few minutes she dashed into the black and forbidding tunnel, when a singular phenomena was seen.

The air above was filled with electric fluid, and it burst out ever and anon with sharp, ziz-zag flashes that lit up the gloom with startling distinctness.

These silent discharges of electricity played across the air above the boat, shooting in all directions, darting up and down the walls, springing from the stream, rebounding from side to side, and streaking all sorts of shapes.

Ahead of them the ship was in a peculiar plight, as she was covered with St. Elmo's fire—her masts acting as lightning rods drawing the lightning from above toward the water.

In this manner her spars and rigging became covered with large globules of fire that rolled along the cordage, dashed out on the ends of the spars, played along the bulwarks, and danced from rope to rope with the greatest agility.

The sailors on the Black Star were terrified.

Their loud cries, although half drowned by the fierce wind, came back to our friends, showing in what a frame of mind they were.

Indeed, it was no wonder they were afraid.

Such a dreadful scene was enough to make the stoutest heart quake with fear, and even Jack had his doubts about their own safety, as he knew that the Dandy was acting as a huge magnet on the electrified air, and was drawing the lightning down from the dry atmosphere.

This fact soon became manifest, for when they had gone some distance further a cry from Tim called their attention to a veritable rain of electric streaks from the air above.

It looked as if thousands of fine streaked skyrockets were hooting down upon the boat, and to insulate themselves from the contact with them, Jack hastily closed the windows.

"Of those flame-jacks should only touch any one in a vital spot," he remarked, "it would penetrate and kill you so quick you wouldn't have time to see what struck you."

"Bust my timbers, how long is this a-goin' ter go on?" gasped Tim, as he glared out the window, and burst into a clammy perspiration.

"There's light ahead now, me boy, and the end of this passage is reached," said O'Hara, in relieved tones. "But we are still in the river."

"Ach, donner vetter!" growled Fritz. "Vhy don't ye vhas got by der end ouf dot rifer alretty so ve see vhere ve been?"

The ship had passed along far in advance of them, and they shot out from the tunnel into the most ugly looking rapids, over which the water was boiling and frothing wildly.

Observing that the ship kept in midstream, as the deepest part of the channel very likely ran there, Jack did likewise, and sent Tim and O'Hara out to make soundings.

Mile after mile was thus passed over, our friends passing meantime through the most dangerous places, until at last they saw the height of the cliffs diminishing.

Moreover, the ice and snow with which they were clad was also going fast, until at last when their size became dwindled down to mere hills, it was seen that they were verdure-clad and tree-grown.

The frosty air was disappearing, too, and it gradually became warmer and more pleasant, until at last the frigid cold of the Arctic climate gave way to the genial and balmy temperature of the tropics, arousing the wonder of our friends.

"This is the strangest climatic change I ever observed in my life, boys," said Jack. "I wonder what it means, anyway?"

"Keel haul me if I know," growled Tim, giving a hitch at his pants just as the boat went around the spur of a hill. "But looker thar!"

He pointed ahead, and they saw a lurid glow in the sky, which looked as if it might have come from some great conflagration, and they all stared at it in blank amazement.

"Could it be a forest fire?" suggested O'Hara uneasily.

"No," replied Jack, shaking his head. "Worse than that, rked, fear."

"Donner und blitzen, Shack! Vot you tink?" queried Frittering

"It's from a volcano," answered the boy. "The heat from that active crater is what makes the climatic change w our passed through, and that same heat is what draws the cold wot air from Fox Channel through this gorge."

The glaring crimson light drew nearer as they went on, and an hour later they followed the Black Star around an abrupt boat bend in the river, and shot out upon a large inland sea.

But such a sheet of water!

It lay embowered in a great, bowl-like basin, surrounded by high mountain peaks, and encircling it there were several mighty volcanoes in active eruption.

Great clouds of smoke and vast tongues of flame spouted up from these rumbling craters, while running down the mountain sides were numerous fiery streams of molten lava, pouring into the water, heating it, and distilling it into a dense vapour that continually overhung the sea.

Everywhere the water shone ruddily like burnished gold, and had the appearance of being a mass of red-hot metal.

"Good heavens!" gasped Jack, as he viewed the singular scene. "We have been driven afloat in a sea of fire!"

The alarm of his companions was intense.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE RESULT OF A FIGHT.

The ship had disappeared from view now, and was probably hidden in one of the numerous indentations along the shore.

Although the location of our friends was in an Arctic zone, the green surroundings and temperature were entirely tropical.

That there was an outlet from this inland sea Jack was sure.

"The quantity of water that pours in here from Fox Channel is so great," said the boy, "that this great basin would rise above the sea level if it had no outlet."

"Faith, it's a geographical wonder I've stumbled upon, and it's a note of the same I'll be after making," said O'Hara, as he took out his book and began to write in it.

"Keel haul me, lad!" exclaimed Tim. "I've sailed in nigh ter every sea on ther face o' ther globe, but yer kin dash me if I ever heerd tell o' this sea o' fire afore!"

"Ach, ve got roasted like peanuts if ve stay here!" growled Fritz, casting a frightened glance at the nearest volcano, "und I tink me dot you vhas petter let dot Black Stars go ter blazes, und dry some vay oudt to vind, so soon as bossible alretty."

"I am positive there is a river running out of this sea," said Jack, "and I'll coast along the shores, and see if we can find it and get away from here."

He sent the Dandy along the shore, and she made good headway, and traveled all night.

When morning dawned she had reached the head of the fiery sea, but no sign of an outlet was seen.

The sun rose, and cast its rays down scorchingly upon the red water, showing the verdure-clad scenery all around the adventurers.

Jack went up on top of the pilot-house with a glass, and keenly surveyed the surrounding scenery.

"Birds and animals abound in those forests and thickets," he muttered. "and they are entirely out of place in this Arctic locality."

He had counted over a dozen active volcanoes, which, though many miles away, radiated their streams of lava down



the sea, and the continued influx of it into the water gave rise to a dense vapor that hung like a fog over the water.

At those points where it was propagated it was so dense that it could not be seen through, while in other places it was lifted continually by the wind.

"Vell, Shack, vot you make oudt?" queried Fritz, from the deck.

"This is the strangest place in the world," the boy replied, as he descended and joined his companion. "We have an equatorial climate in a north latitude of 65 degrees!"

"Vell, I gief you oranges, bananas und bineabbles for dinner, den."

Tim was in the pilot-house managing the wheel.

"How'll I head her now, Jack?" he questioned.

"Follow the southern coast back to where we came from."

"Prokefast vhas retty," said Fritz. "So, if you please, go down by der gabin und ead id. Me und O'Hara vhas haf burn."

Jack and Tim descended, Fritz taking the wheel, and was joined in the pilot-house by the geographer.

"I'm going to take soundings of the depths of this sea," said O'Hara, producing a lead-line from his pocket. "How far are we from shore, do you imagine, Fritz?"

"No more as two hundart feetses," replied the fat boy.

O'Hara started to go out on deck, with the line trailing after him, when Whiskers, who sat under a chair, suddenly spied it, made a dash, caught it and flew downstairs, pulling the line after him unnoticed by O'Hara.

The Irish-American reached the side, dropped his plummet, and let the remainder of the line play out, when he suddenly became aware of what Whiskers had done.

Of course, however, he could not account for it.

He imagined for a moment that Fritz had caught hold of the end of the line, and held it to tease him.

Turning around, he exclaimed impatiently:

"Come, now—lave go!"

"Leaf go ouf vot?" queried the innocent Dutch boy.

"Oh, you know. Shure I want no fooling, Fritz!"

"Who vhas foolin'?" demanded Fritz, in surprise.

"You are. Stop it, I tell you!"

"I ain't!" growled Fritz.

"But I tell you you are!"

"You vhas a liar!"

"What! Me a liar, is it?" asked O'Hara, bristling up angrily.

"Dot vhas vot I set," reiterated Fritz, with a nod.

"Jumping Jerusalem! I'll be after breaking your head for you! Do you know it's an insult you are after giving me?"

"Ach, dry up, O'Hara. Don't get ret-hetted!" said Fritz.

The geographer was very sensitive about allusions to the color of his hair, and his eyes began to snap fire.

He shook his fist at Fritz in a threatening manner.

"Begorra, it's insult to insult you are offering me," he howled.

"Yah! I tink so neider!" assented Fritz blandly.

"Come out here on deck and let me bate you!"

"I sooner would stay where I vhas," replied Fritz.

"Then, bedad, I'll pull you out by the hair of your head," announced O'Hara, and he entered the pilot-house and buried his fingers into Fritz's yellow locks.

It hurt the Dutch boy and he made a wry face.

This was too much for his pugnacious disposition.

He let go of the wheel and turned on O'Hara.

"Glef me a bale-stick!" he roared. "I want to club you in der stomach."

Then he pitched into the irate geographer, and the row began.

A regular rough and tumble fight started between them.

They punched each other's eyes black and blue; they

whanged each other's noses; they kicked each other's shins; pulled each other's hair, and were trying to bite each other's ears, when Jack and Tim arrived on the scene, having been alarmed by the noise.

Rushing between them, they separated the combatants.

"Shiminey Christmas!" roared the Dutch boy, as Jack got him down upon his back and sat on him. "Leaf go ouf me!"

"Stop!" cried Jack angrily.

"Tim, I've only one favor to ask of you!" shouted O'Hara, who was struggling to get away from the old sailor. "I've never killed a Dutchman yet, and I'll give you five dollars for the loan of an axe. Let me go till I end his existence."

"Haul to, yer lubber!" grimly replied the old sailor.

"What's the cause of this row, anyway?" demanded Jack.

Then they both began to explain at once, each one's slant louder than the other in an effort to outdo each other; the result was that neither of them was understood.

At this juncture Whiskers appeared.

The little rascal had the end of the plummet line wound around and around his body in several turns.

The moment O'Hara saw him a new light dawned upon him.

He realized that Fritz was blameless, and burst out laughing.

"Be heavens!" he cried, "I've been fooled by the monkey."

"Donner vetter!" raved Fritz wildly. "Don't gall me a mongey!"

"I mean Whiskers," explained O'Hara. "He stole the end of me line, and I thought you did it to be after teasing me."

"Oh!" whistled Fritz, as he understood the situation.

Both of them had cooled off by this time.

Arising to their feet, they shook hands.

All animosity was forgotten, and they were as good friends as ever.

Peace had hardly been restored when Tim uttered a cry of dismay.

"See thar!" he exclaimed, pointing ahead.

"The Dandy is running aground!" gasped Jack.

When O'Hara pulled the Dutch Boy out on deck, Fritz had not time to fasten the wheel, and left to shift for itself, the submarine boat had turned its bow to the leeward.

Jack dashed into the pilot-house.

Before he could steer her off, there came a crash up forward, and the bow of the boat ran aground.

She was stranded.

There was no rising tide to lift her off, either.

Every one was upset by the shock save Jack, who had hold of the wheel, and glancing out the window the boy saw that a dozen feet of the prow had run high and dry.

"Confound it!" he gasped, stopping the machinery. "We are in a sorry plight now."

The rest got upon their feet, and took in the situation with anything but cheerful feelings, for the boat had gone aground upon a shelving sandy beach, and lay there utterly helpless, with the surf breaking around her.

The sternmost half of the Dandy remained afloat.

In the midst of their speculations as to how they were to get her afloat again, Tim glanced off to the seaward.

"Sail ho! Sail ho!" he cried.

Every one looked out upon the water, and there—not more than fifty yards distant—they saw a large ship with two masts coming out of the mist like a great spectre.

In a moment more she was in plain view.

"It's the Black Star!" exclaimed Jack.

And he was right.

The crew of the stolen ship were upon the deck, and saw our friends the next moment.



## CHAPTER XII.

## THE RESCUE OF NED.

It was very easy for the crew of the Black Star to see that the Dandy of the Deep had run aground, and Jack heard Captain Bolt cry:

"They're in trouble, lads, an' no mistake about it."

"Shall we tackle them?" demanded Anthony Redmond.

"Wait till we see how they're fixed. Remember their gun."

Jack and his friends had retreated into the cage, and overheard every word that was uttered by the crew of the ship.

"They hate us so, they will make a desperate effort to get the best of us," said the boy, casting his glance upon the stump of the ship's mizzen mast, which had been lost at the fall. "We are in a bad fix now, for if they have any heavy armament they can stand off at long range, and pound us to their heart's content, as we are incapable of maneuvering out of their way."

"Truth, and here's our small arms, anyway," said O'Hara.

He handed around the rifles, and they stationed themselves at the loopholes, through which they might fire.

"There's Ned Frost on ther deck, too," said Tim.

The kidnapped boy was clad in a ragged sailor suit; his face was as pale as death, and he was gazing earnestly at the stranded Dandy, looking very miserable and downhearted.

"Poor boy!" muttered Jack. "He looks as if he has been suffering harsh treatment. It is no more than I suspected, though."

The Black Star glided along, and a short distance beyond the Dandy she suddenly melted out of sight in the mist.

"Gone," said Fritz. "But she soon vill coom back."

They were ~~and~~ watched for a few moments, and then they were suddenly startled by hearing the reports of several rifles.

A cry of distress pealed out immediately afterward.

"Oh, Heaven! I'm shot!"

"Come back here, you young scoundrel!" roared another voice.

"Never! I'll drown first."

"Fire again, and kill him, boys!"

Several more reports were heard, and then the first voice was heard again, calling:

"Heip! Help! Save me, oh, save me!"

The truth flashed across Jack's mind instantly.

He turned to O'Hara with a troubled look, and said:

"It is Ned Frost! I recognize his voice now."

"Then it's escaping he is?"

"Aye, and in the water now."

"Holy mackerel! can we do nothing for him?"

"Perhaps. Launch the rowboat—quick!"

The portable boat was on deck, and it required but one shove to send it into the water with a splash.

Jack sprang in and seized the oars.

"Hold on!" roared Fritz. "Let me go!"

"No; I will do it," replied Jack.

"But if the crew of the shib see you, you got shot."

"So would you."

"I don'd make so much difference if I got killed."

"I don't agree with you," replied Jack, and he rowed away in the direction from whence he heard the cries proceed.

Within a few moments he saw the Black Star.

She was coming about, and midway between her and Jack's skiff the boy saw Ned Frost swimming in the water.

"This way!" cried Jack, rowing toward him.

"Help me!" panted the boy despairingly.

"Keep up courage and I will save you!"

"They have wounded me—will kill me if I am caught."

Jack's skiff dashed up to him, and he pulled the boy u the water into the skiff, and then he rowed away again, larked, the Black Star came about. f they

The boy rowed with might and main, but the ship be vering rapidly overhaul him, and her crew commenced to fire.

"Look out!" gasped Ned. "They'll hit us." ev our

The bullets were flying around them like rain, but is wot not one had touched them, and Jack answered. r hull

"I see the Dandy—we'll reach her in a minute."

"Can we find safety there?" panted Ned anxiously.

"Yes, indeed! She's made of metal. Ah! My friend boat us."

Headed by Tim, the trio of the Dandy now began t, "re- at the crew of the ship as the latter individuals ho hab- sight through the fog, and the shots that had been direct near the boys ceased as if by magic.

Taking advantage of this respite, the two reached the L naval and got aboard of her, while the furious crew of the ship ed their vessel about and tacked away, swearing at Jack ible?

"Safe!" gasped Ned joyfully. "But—oh, what a st I've craft this is." r ole

"You've seen my inventions before at Wrightstown, ha you?" queried Jack, pleased over saving the boy at last.

"Frequently," answered Ned. "But my wound——" sail-

"Ah! I forgot that." ound

"It pains dreadfully." , an'

"Where is it?" ded,

"Here in my left side." Dur-

"A mere flesh wound. The ball passed through." out-

"I'm thankful for that, Jack Wright." her

"Come into the pilot-house, and I'll bandage it." ter

"Dot shib vhas lost in der mist again," said Fritz. wot

He led Ned inside and dressed his wound, and when hey was done he said to the boy:

"You seem to have had a hard time of it on that craft."

"Oh, it was terrible—terrible," replied young Frost. "Fr the day we left Wrightstown bay my stepfather and Capt re- Bolt have treated me with a brutality that was simply fie ent ish. I bore my trouble in silence after finding that by reb ing it provoked them to greater excesses."

"You look ill-treated. But your troubles are partly over. "I

"I hope so. Between starving, beating and overworkiwn me, I might have died. There was another poor fellow one board, whom they set adrift in an open boat without food water for taking my part——"

"We found him—dead—in the boat," said Jack, "and it wys through reading a confession he had written that we dve covered Captain Bolt's plan to steal the Black Star. We hi set out as much to recapture you as to carry out a geographic project I undertook." ed

"Did you hear from my poor mother? Is she dead?" nt

"No. By this time she must be entirely recovered." n'

"Thank God for that!"

"Your step-father had been poisoning her."

"I know the sad truth now."

"Was you aware I tried to save you from being kidnapped?"

"Yes. Anthony Redmond told me the story, and I wa very grateful for your interest in me." d

"Before leaving Wrightstown I promised your mother to make an effort to save you."

"Do you think we will get out of this strange place?"

"Very likely. But ease your mind. We were scouring for an outlet when this accident befell us. However, we will get afloat somehow, and continue our search."

Jack then introduced the boy to the rest, and Ned said:

"I was rendered desperate by this time, when attempting to escape my keepers. Had I drowned in the attempt to get away I should not have cared. Awaiting a moment when no one was looking, as the ship was passing you by, I leaped into



the sea. They detected it, and fired at me. You then rest."

"Do they have any guns aboard?"

"Nothing but small arms," replied the naval cadet, "but more an ugly crew, desperate villains, every one of them, my step-father rung in with them, and is as bad as the rest."

"How came they to steal the ship and cargo and run for the Bay?" asked Jack curiously.

"It was planned by Redmond, to make money," Ned replied. "And the whole crew agreed readily enough, as they have sold the ship and cargo at any of the coast towns before their rascality was found out."

"How did they happen to run into the sea of fire?"

"Caught by the wind and tide, and were drawn in."

"How many men in the crew?"

"There are twenty all told. There were twenty-five. The others were injured by your shots, and killed by the mast falling when we shot the fall," replied Ned. "They are determined to put every one of this craft out of the way, and being principled and vengeful to the worst degree, they won't rest until they have accomplished their purpose—"

"How do we get the best of them?" suggested Jack smilingly.

"How do you intend to get the boat afloat again?"

"I have not decided yet. But I'm going ashore to see how it can best be accomplished. Meantime, you can make your home here, for hereafter you are one of my crew, and glad to have your assistance."

"You can depend upon my aid to the last breath," replied the naval cadet earnestly.

Jack nodded, and telling Tim to accompany him, they went on.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### UNEXPECTED STRANGERS.

The prow of the Dandy was so high up out of the water that Jack and Tim had only to walk out on the end of the forward spar of the hull and step down upon the sand.

Here they made a careful examination of the situation of the boat, and found that she was far up out of the water and tightly imbedded in the sand.

"There is but one method of releasing her," said Jack, after most critical examination, "and that is to blow a hole in the shore beneath her with some of my patent high explosive horrorite."

"Aye, lad, that might make a basin big enough to float her," assented Tim, dubiously, "but their trouble is as we might blow up the boat instead."

"Not necessarily. I can sprinkle the powder down into perforations in such a manner that an aperture can be made beneath her hull, and when we have thus formed a trench a lighter charge can be fired beneath the embankment she will then be resting on, undermining it so that her own weight will drive it in, and send her tumbling into the trench."

The boy understood how to use the explosive compound so well that he could grade its force like a compass, and they began operations at once all along the landed end of the hull, as well as in the water.

Electric wires were attached to the explosive to fire it, and at a signal from Jack the stuff was blown up.

There sounded a smothered report.

An enormous mass of sand was blown high in the air, and an immense trench was torn open alongside of the boat; so true were Jack's calculations that the Dandy was left hanging suspended upon the very verge of it.

As soon as the excavation was made, Jack saw the water rush into the gap to a depth of five feet, in less than which the boat could very easily float.

Fritz started a pump, emptying her of every bit of ballast, and when this was done, the mine under the embankment was planted, every one went ashore, and Jack was just on the point of firing it, when O'Hara uttered a warning cry of:

"Look out! Be heavens, there's a crowd of heathens!"

The bushes had parted, and out of the dense shrubbery there suddenly appeared a score of dark red savages.

They were short, lean fellows, with long, jet-black hair, beardless faces, and wore no clothing but loin cloths woven into matting of some fibrous bark. While on their arms they carried wooden shields, and in their hands spears and arrows.

Their skin was of a red, copperish color, and they had a most formidable and war-like appearance.

That they were natives of Baffin Land there could be no question, but residing in such a warm climate as the vicinity of those active volcanoes was they were very much dissimilar from the Esquimaux dwelling on the frigid shores of that land far away from the interior.

"Savages!" ejaculated the young inventor in surprise.

"Cut for the boat!" advised O'Hara.

The newcomers were evidently as much surprised to see our friends as they were to see them.

A chorus of guttural cries escaped them. They began to talk and point down at the castaways, and when the four ran for the boat, their hostile intentions were made manifest when they sent a shower of spears flying after them.

The handle of one of these weapons struck Tim.

The old sailor was in the rear when they started to run for the boat, and he fell stunned.

Jack and his companions got aboard of the boat before they observed what had befallen the old sailor, but by that time the natives had come rushing down after them and reached Tim.

Before anything could be done to stop them, they all pounced down upon the old sailor, and several of them retreated back to the shrubbery with him.

"Tim has caught!" exclaimed Fritz excitedly.

"Get into the cage!" cried Jack. "They are going to fire again."

The geographer and the fat boy dodged behind the cage just as the second volley of missiles came, but Jack flung himself flat on the deck, and the weapons passed over him.

He yet retained the electric wires in his hand, with a small battery, and shouting to his friends what he was going to do, he turned on the current, and an explosion followed.

The sand and dirt flew up around the natives, who yelled and fled, and the boat toppled over, as the embankment gave way, and down the Dandy fell into the trench.

Unfortunately for Jack and his three companions, she did not fall upon her keel, as he expected, but rolled completely over from the shock, spilled them all into the trench, and fell in after them.

The boy received a blow on the back from the railing. Fritz was cut about the head, and O'Hara was nearly crushed to death beneath the boat ere she arose and floated.

Still none of them were so badly hurt that they could not get upon the land again, and when they glanced at the boat they saw that she was floating upon her keel.

The terrified savages had all run away, carrying Tim along with them, and upon ascertaining that no one was so injured that they could not do anything, the boy said:

"Now's our chance to get her in deep water. Help me."

"Will she float out to it?" queried young Frost.

"We can shove her very easily. Take hold, boys!"



"Faith, it's a terrible squeeze she gave me, but I'll forgive her, since it's so decent she has acted," said O'Hara, grimly.

They got at the boat, and pushed her out into deep water, after which they clambered aboard, and found that she had not met with any injury, and was well afloat once more.

The anchor was hove over.

Jack was disgusted.

"We are between two fires," he remarked. "Captain Bolt and his rascally crew hem us in on one side, and the natives on the other."

"Gief me a gun!" exclaimed Fritz.

"What's the matter now?" asked the boy.

"I vant to follow dose ratskills und safe Dim."

"Wait until we fix the boat in trim to leave her," the boy replied, "and Ned and I will go with you."

large "Shure, and am I to be the crew?" queried O'Hara.

out on "We will leave you to guard the Dandy."

danced "I'm willing, me boy, only leave me arms to repel those

scalpeens in case they come back with their ship."

"We will close and lock the doors and windows, and leave the gun where you can fire it from the inside."

"Good! It's a fine reception those fellows will get if they take it into their heads to tackle me!" said O'Hara.

Everything was put in readiness, as Jack suggested, and having left the boat, fully armed, the three ran up the embankment to the spot where they had seen the natives go when they carried Tim away.

The undergrowth was excessively dry in consequence of the great heat, and the natives therefore left a plain trail.

"There's the way they have gone," said Jack, pointing at the crushed grass and shrubs leading toward a distant growth of timber. "It's a fact they've gone for those trees, and I think we had better lose no time following them, as there is no telling what they may have done to Tim."

He started ahead at a lively pace, the others following, and jogged along with his glance fastened upon the trail.

It led them straight toward the woods, and as they were nearing the trees they heard the natives yelling there, and a few moments afterwards they shot a volley of arrows out.

Down behind a huge adjacent rock the three crouched, and the arrows whizzed over their heads harmlessly.

"Fire three shots apiece at them!" cried Jack.

Bang! Bang! Bang! answered their rifles.

The yells of the savages attested to the fact that none of the shots were wasted, and when the round was fired they broke from cover and ran for the trees.

Not a shot met them.

The terrified natives fled, leaving several of their number lying prone upon the ground, and they heard Tim yell:

"This way, lads! This way!"

He was bound to a tree not far away, and as soon as they found him he was released, and they left the woods.

Tim was not injured beyond the bump he got on his head.

It did not occupy more than two hours from the time they set out to rescue him, and they started back to the Dandy.

But when they reached the shore, to their dismay they saw the boat in tow of the ship, being dragged away.

A few moments afterwards they vanished in the mist.

"By Jove!" cried Jack. "They've got the boat, boys, and are carrying her away. O'Hara must be in their power."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### UNDER THE FIERY SEA.

The ship towed the Dandy away in the fog, where they disappeared, leaving Jack and his companions standing upon the shore, utterly dismayed by this unexpected trouble.

For some time an intense silence lasted among them.

Jack was the first to recover himself.

"They are going down the southern coast," he remarked, "and we can do no better than to follow the shore. If they should put in to land, we may stand some chance of recovering the Dandy."

"Lord save us!" exclaimed Tim, "it's bad enough ter hev our craft stolen, but wusser ter face them 'ere land pirates wot shipped me off ter ther woods an' anchored me ter ther hull o' a tree."

"Was there any way by which they could get into the boat and reach Mr. O'Hara?" asked Ned, in anxious tones.

"Der tuyfel mit six army mules couldn't vhas proke in," replied Fritz, shaking his head. "I tink me dot someding habben to dot geography man, und dot saddles id alretty."

Jack led the way along the sandy shore, Fritz keeping near him, while Tim and Ned brought up the rear.

"We are in a pretty bad fix now, ain't we?" said the naval cadet.

"Fix?" echoed Tim scornfully. "D'yer call this trouble? Why, keel haul me, my hearty, this ain't nuthin' ter wot I've gone through when I wuz in ther navy, aboard o' ther ole frigate Wabash."

"You don't say!" said Ned.

"Ay, ay," said Tim. "I reckerlect one time we wuz sailin' among ther Japanese islan's, an' our craft ran aground on a sandbar in a storm. Thar she pounded up an' down, an' we all rowed ashore, desartin' her. Ther minit we landed, a crew o' Japanese pirates captured our hull party. Durin' ther night I chawed my bonds in two, escaped, swum out ter ther sandbar, an' in ther mornin' ther waves washed her afloat, an' ther storm went down. I sailed her as close ter shore as possible, p'inted one o' ther guns at ther rascals wot held ther crew, an' told 'em I'd blow 'em ter glory if they didn't release every mother's son o' them."

"Ah! You can speak the Japanese language, then?"

Tim started, coughed a little, and hastily replied:

"I uster, but I disremember it now. Anyway, they refused, an' I blazed away at 'em wi' ther guns, an' down went ten. Then I fired a broadside, an'——"

"How could you fire a broadside without help?"

"Ah, ye're too pertickler about details," growled Tim. "I run from one gun to the other, that's how. Anyhow, down went those Japanese-like tenpins, ontill there wuzn't none left——"

"Didn't any of your shots hit your friends?"

"Lordy, no; they wuz locked up in a house a long ways off. Ter perceed. As soon as ther last un dropped, I hove the anchor."

"Alone?" asked Ned, with a grin.

"Of course. D'yer s'pose my shadder helped me?" demanded Tim, in tones of asperity. "Then I lowered a boat, went ashore, cut my messmates free, we boarded ther frigate, an' sailed away."

"Remarkable!"

"Waal, it wuz a fair job."

"Tim, you are a wonder at navigation."

"So people tells me," modestly replied the old sailor.

"But I'm sorry to say I don't believe your yarn," said Ned.

"Wot! D'yer take me fer a liar?" bellowed Tim angrily.

"I hate to admit it to your face, but can't deny it."

"That's ther last yarn I'll ever spin fer yer."

"Thank the Lord for that!"

Tim uttered a grunt of disgust and lapsed into silence.

In a short time Jack reached a large, rock-bound bay, and came to a pause upon an eminence.

Pointing down in the mist-covered water below, he exclaimed:



"There's the Black Star now."

"Where? Where? Where?" queried his friends.

None of them could see the boat, but they heard these cries:

"Lower away the sheet anchor!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Down forestaysails and jibs!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Slacken away the sheet ropes and luff up!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Play out that stern hawser, boys, and give the Dandy more swing."

It was evident that the ship had come to a pause in the bay with her prize close to where our friends stood.

They could not see the vessels, but, judging by the sounds, very easily located them in the dense mist.

"D'yer s'pose as they are a-comin' ashore?" queried Tim.

"It seems probable, since they came to anchor in here."

"Now is our chance then to regain the Dandy," said Ned.

"Shall I swim out to her?" queried Fritz eagerly.

"No; I'll go down and attempt it," replied the boy.

He arranged with his companions how to act during his absence, and then descended the rocks to the shore.

"One can do more than a dozen to rescue the Dandy now," the boy muttered, as he plunged into the warm water and struck out for the direction in which he heard the sounds.

The boy was an expert swimmer, and presently saw the Black Star looming up through the mist.

She yet had the Dandy in tow, and her crew was busy furling sails, heaving anchor, and playing out the hawser under the direction of Captain Bolt.

Taking care to keep hidden from sight, Jack swam toward the Dandy, and presently reached her.

Upon the forward deck there was seen one of the crew of the Black Star attending to the hawser.

The boy saw that all the doors and windows of the boat were hermetically closed, and suspected more strongly than ever that O'Hara was yet inside and in trouble.

Swimming around to the stern of the boat, Jack managed to get up on deck, and he crept quietly toward the turret.

He had scarcely reached the door of the pilot-house, when the Black Star sailor glanced around and saw him.

"The lad, by gosh!" he cried, in startled tones.

And the next moment he had a revolver from his belt.

Jack had one of his pneumatic pistols with him, and whipped it out, covering the man as soon as he was aimed at.

Both of them glared over the sights of their weapons, knowing that the quickest to fire would come off victorious.

For an instant there was a deathly silence, between the duelists, and then both shots were simultaneously fired.

Jack staggered and clapped his hand to his head, for his opponent's bullet had whistled so close to his head as to burn him.

The man uttered a moan, toppled backward over the rail into the sea, and disappeared from the boy's view.

He was probably killed.

Jack pocketed his pistol.

The reports of the weapons had alarmed the crew of the ship, and they uttered a yell and several of them aimed their pistols at the young inventor and began to fire.

Before any of the flying bullets could reach him, Jack rushed to the pilot-house door, and touching a hidden press-button, he caused the door to swing open.

Then he ran into the pilot-house.

"Safe!" he muttered, as he closed the door after him.

He peered out one of the window slots and saw that the crew of the Black Star were hauling in the hawser.

"They mean to get the boat close to their ship!" muttered Jack, "and then board her to tackle me."

He saw no signs of O'Hara anywhere, and in order to frustrate the designs of his enemies, he turned the pump lever, filled the water chambers, and the Dandy began to sink.

Down she went, and Jack started the electric lights, and the water was brightly illumined around the boat.

He was able then to see where he was going, and keeping a watch upon the depth indicator, he observed that the boat rapidly reached thirty feet.

Then he stopped the influx of water.

"She is so heavy now," he muttered, "that they can't haul her up, and I am quite safe from them."

Regulating the air-injectors, the boy thereupon ran down into the cabin and found O'Hara lying upon the floor.

He was unconscious.

Beside him hung a broken electric wire for lighting the searchlight, from the end of which streams of tiny sparks were snapping and crackling.

It was evident to Jack at once that the man had come in contact with the wire and was knocked senseless by the electricity.

The boy hastened back to the pilot-house, shut off the current from the wire, and returning to O'Hara's side, he set about to revive him.

This was no easy task, and the boy soon discovered that O'Hara's hand was burned where it had come in contact with the wire.

Finally, however, he managed to revive him, but scarcely had O'Hara aroused himself when Jack suddenly felt the boat arising.

Wondering what occasioned it, the boy rushed up into the pilot house again and glanced out of the window, when he saw the crew of the Black Star were responsible for the movements of the Dandy.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE VOLCANO.

The submarine boat was evidently being hauled up to the surface, despite Jack's disbelief in the ability of his enemies to accomplish this feat by the strength of their arms.

"They must have fastened the hawser to their capstan," he muttered. "But I'll see if I can't baffle them."

Hastening into the storeroom, he put on a diving suit, and taking a knife, he left the boat by the sea door and got upon the slanted deck, just as the Dandy reached the surface.

Creeping up forward, the boy cut the hawser.

Just as his enemies were certain of victory, he defeated them.

Down sunk the Dandy toward the bottom, and in a twinkling she disappeared from the view of the crew of the Black Star.

Descending to her former depth, she remained stationary again, and the boy went inside, divested himself of his armor, and passed into the pilot house.

"Arrah!" he cried, upon seeing the young inventor, "it's a close call I had and no mistake, Jack. But what is after ailing the boat with its bobbing up and its bobbing down?"

Jack explained.

When he had finished, he asked:

"What got you into the scrape you were in?"

"Sure, it was me own carelessness," replied O'Hara, soberly as he glanced at his scorched hands. "I got monkeying with the searchlight and one of the wires in the cabin snapped in two, as it must have been drawn tight, and the atmosphere caused contraction. Anyway, down I goes, and seeing the broken wire, I foolishly seized it, and got a shock that knocked me silly."

"Did you know that the boat was captured by the crew of the Black Star?" asked Jack.



"Divil a bit!" replied O'Hara, in surprise.

"Well, she was," said Jack, and he told how they saved Tim, returned to the shore, saw the Dandy being towed away by the ship, followed her, and how he finally swam out in the bay and got aboard of his boat.

O'Hara was very much amazed.

"And I was senseless all the while!" he gasped.

"Yes, but as you are O. K. now, and our friends are awaiting us on shore," said Jack, "let us take the boat in, pick them up and turn upon Bolt and his crew. I'll capture his whole crew and blow up the infernal craft, as I am getting out of patience with his continual persecutions."

And so saying, the boy put the pumps in motion, and emptying the boat, he sent her up toward the surface.

At the same time he started the propellers, driving her along through the water, and when she burst out on top of the fiery sea, she was out of sight of the ship.

The boy could not see the shore, but he managed to find it by the aid of his compass, and brought his boat to a pause in shoal water, not far from the spot where he had left his friends upon the rocks.

Here he lit a blue light and it flared up and illuminated the surrounding clouds of vapor, as a signal to the others to come aboard of the Dandy.

Within a few minutes Jack's companions appeared.

They lost no time in getting aboard of the Dandy, and as soon as the whole party was together, explanations were made and Jack started his boat off.

"The moment we sight the ship," said the boy, "we will dive down under the water and plant a torpedo on her hull. Then we can dictate our own terms to the crew."

"Ay, now," assented Tim. "That's ther plan. I recklect when I wuz——"

~~the~~ the navy," Jack ~~planned~~ in.

"Terzackly," said Tim, with a nod.

"On poard ouf der old frigate Wabash," added Fritz.

"Right again," assented Tim. "I had——"

"A little adventure happened to me," interposed O'Hara.

"How did yer know wot I was goin' ter say?" growled Tim.

"That was somewhat like what we are going to do," Ned laughed. "Ain't that about the size of it, Tim?"

The old sailor snapped his teeth together.

He saw that they were all upon the alert for one of his outrageous yarns, and it made him mad to find that they were prepared to laugh skeptically at him ere he had spun it.

"Well," said Jack, smilingly, "why don't you finish?"

"I ain't got nuthin' ter say," grumbled Tim. "Ye're all so wery smart, yer seems to know jist wot I wanted to tell ye, so I'll leave it ter yer imagination to finish it."

Tim's solitary eye snapped fire, and he turned to leave the room, when down came his wooden peg on one of Bismarck's claws, for the unlucky parrot had hopped right in his way.

"Oh!" screeched the bird. "Let up! Wow! Poor Polly, poor Polly!"

"Get out of my way, then," roared the irate old sailor, giving the bird a shove with his stump.

"Say! Shiminey Christmas! Vot you done?" roared Fritz, getting angry at seeing his pet injured. "You bick son-ouf-a-bea-gooks, why don't yer hit dot parrot mit a barn, und be don't mit it?"

"Why don't yer put ther blamed thing in a glass case, then?" growled Tim. "D'yer 'spect a feller ter go around with a magnifying glass a-looking fer that bandy-legged parrot every step he takes."

"If I had a sword," said Fritz, "I would shop off your monkey's tail!"

"No, yer wouldn't!"

"Yah, I would!"

"Don't yer threaten me!"

"Say, if you'll come down in ther cabin I'll bull your nose."

Tim stumped down into the cabin.

He was boiling for a fight, and yelled:

"I've brung me nose down, come and pull it!"

Fritz was angry about his bird, and accepted the challenge.

A moment afterward there came the sound that a cyclone would have made, had it entered the cabin.

Biff! Bang! Wang! rattled a volley of thumps.

The voices of Tim and Fritz in angry altercation were heard above the din.

"It sounds as if they were fighting," said O'Hara.

"Oh, that's only a mild discussion they frequently indulge in," remarked Jack. "Let them alone, and when they are both fit subjects for a coroner's inquest they will stop."

While this had been going on the Dandy was making a tour of the bay, but to every one's disgust, they found that the Black Star had escaped.

That she was no longer in the bay was very evident.

"They are evidently afraid of us now," said the boy, "and are trying to avoid us. But I'll pursue them if I have to scour every inch of this fiery lake."

"It's too bad there's so much vapor overhanging the water," said Ned, regretfully, "else we might see them. As it is the ship remains invisible until we are almost upon her."

"Will you go out in the bow on lookout, Ned?" asked Jack.

"Of course," replied the boy, leaving the pilot house.

"O'Hara, please see that the arms are in readiness for use. We may need them at any moment now."

The geographer nodded and departed, and Tim and Fritz having settled their little difficulty, now appeared, much the worse for wear and tear, and begun to appeal to Jack to arbitrate the case, when the boy sent Tim down in the engine room, and told Fritz to prepare their lunch.

By keeping the searchlight blazing, as he had repaired its broken wire, Jack managed to dispell the foggy gloom a long distance ahead, and kept his boat hugging the shore.

He could see that the coast line here was composed of jet black rocks, and observed but little vegetation.

It therefore became apparent that they were nearing a volcanic region, and casting his glance upon the land, he saw that there was a large volcano not far away which was smoking at the top in a threatening manner.

He kept his glances fastened upon it, and when the Dandy had come within a line with its base, he was suddenly startled by hearing a deep, rumbling roar.

It shook the earth and agitated the sea violently.

The next moment the boy observed a violent commotion on the land, for the earth was riven up in great seams along the side of the mountain.

"An earthquake!" shouted Ned.

"The volcano has burst into eruption," said Jack.

An immense cloud of dust, dirt, gravel and pumice was blown thousands of feet in the air, and was followed almost immediately afterward by a vast tongue of flame.

"The volcano! The volcano!" cried Ned, in horror.

"Come in—quick!" shouted Jack. "It's raining rocks!"

Down came an appalling shower of rocks and stones that were hurled from the crater, threatening to smash the boat to pieces if they struck her.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE RAIN OF ROCKS.

Into the pilot house dashed Ned, and Jack stopped the Dandy, and shut the doors and windows rapidly.



Already some of the stones were beating like hail down upon the boat.

In a moment the boy had the doors and windows closed water tight.

"Nothing but a quick descent will save us!" he cried.

And a moment afterwards the Dandy dove down.

Tim, Fritz, and O'Hara rushed up, and asked what the trouble was, when Jack told them.

The boy had not submerged the boat any too soon, for the shower of rocks blown from the crater presently struck the sea, and came flying down under the water.

The force of their fall was broken by the sea before they reached the Dandy, which by that time had descended to a depth of eighty feet.

Still, she felt the shock when they struck her.

"None of them came hard enough to do us any damage," said Jack, "but had we remained upon the surface they might have smashed holes in the Dandy."

"Ther Lord help ther Black Star and her crew," said Tim, "if they're exposed to that rain of rocks!"

"Where do you suppose she went?" queried Ned.

"She must have gone down this southern coast," said Jack.

"Donner vetter, I near spoil me de lunch on de aceounds ouf dot volcanoes!" grumbled Fritz.

The bottom of the sea was only a short distance below them, and by the light radiated from the Dandy they saw that the fish in these peculiar waters were extraordinarily large, and of the goldfish color, while the underwater vegetation was very queer.

There were large quantities of seaweed floating around of a brownish-red hue, while the bottom of the sea was covered by tangled jungles of the same color.

Here and there, great masses of dark, volcanic rocks arose from amidst which hot streams gushed up, causing the temperature of the inside of the boat to rise uncomfortably high.

Never expecting to encounter any such difficulty as this to overcome, the young inventor had made no provision against it, and soon found that the air in the boat became heated.

"This will never do," he muttered. "We cannot breathe such air as this and live long. Yet I dare not ascend to the top, as I see the stones and rocks are still falling."

"Shure it's battered to flinders we'd be if we arose," said O'Hara.

Every one was perspiring now.

Whiskers and Bismarck evinced their displeasure over the situation by the most doleful howls and shrieks.

Jack glanced up at a thermometer. It registered 100 degrees.

Moreover, the heat kept momentarily increasing as they went on, and the boy wondered how it was possible that the hot springs they passed over could heat the water so intensely, when Ned suddenly uttered a cry of alarm.

"Look ahead there! What's that?" he cried.

"Jerusalem! Ther sea is a-bilin'!" gasped Tim, in startled tones.

There was a fearful commotion in the sea ahead of the boat, the water roaring and bubbling in a tremendous mass as if there were an enormous geyser spring working there.

"Himmel and pretzels!" roared Fritz, "id vhas someding vot vhas comin' down into der sea fon der landt!"

Jack gave one glance ahead and rapidly spun his wheel around, driving the Dandy away in the opposite direction.

"By Jove, boys!" he exclaimed, "it's a lava stream that comes from the volcano, which is pouring down the mountain like molten lead and running into the sea."

There could be no doubt of this startling assertion, for the new lava of volcanoes run like water down the hill.

The heat of this stream evidently boiled the water and caused it to agitate as it did, disseminating its awful warmth around, and killing every fish that came near.

Tim pointed at the dead bodies of these creatures as they floated in by scores, and remarked:

"I 'memb' one time I wuz cast away on a raft from a shipwreck, an' didn't have nuthing ter eat in a fortnight, when suddenly a submarine volcano busted up right under my raft, killed and cooked millions of fishes, an' all I had ter do wuz ter anchor my raft thar and help myself."

He looked around triumphantly for some comment, but no one made any, and he coughed and continued:

"Now, mebbe ye won't believe wot I'm a-tellin' ye, lads, but it was three hull months before a ship hove in sight an' picked me up. But durin' all that time thar I stayed an' stuffed myself on boiled fish, an' when they took me aboard and I weighed myself, I found I'd gained a hundred poun's in weight; all ther buttons had busted off my clothes, an' I had ter tie 'em aroun' me wi' a bit o' marline ter keep 'em on."

Still no reply was made.

Tim looked rather mortified, and gritting his teeth, he went on:

"Yer know, inessmates, they say a fish is good fer ther brain. Well, sir, my figgerhead growed so from it that it went clean up through my hair, an' my thinkin' taeckle got so clear that I was able to see three weeks ahead, an'——"

But this was more than the rest could stand.

They simultaneously uttered a groan, and clapped their hands over their ears, and Tim took a chew of navy plug and grinned.

"I thought I'd fetch 'em!" he chuckled, contented, and he thought the matter over for a few moments, and finally deceived himself into the belief that his yarn was true.

Unfortunately, Tim was such a confirmed liar that he had gotten himself into that state where he actually let his imagination deceive him into belief of his own lies.

The boat ran away from the spot where they had seen the water boiling so hard, and had gained a short distance from it when suddenly the propellers began to jerk and act queerly.

This continued for several moments and then they ceased altogether to work, and the boat came to a sudden pause.

"What's the matter now?" queried Jack.

"Someding wrong mit dose machineries!" exclaimed Fritz.

The boy stopped the electrical engine.

"Holy poker!" ejaculated O'Hara. "Don't stop here or we will roast."

"The boat won't move ahead," replied Jack, in perplexity.

"Why don't yer go to the top then?" queried Tim, excitedly.

"It's too dangerous."

"The downfall of rocks has ceased," ventured Ned.

"Very true, but we might drift into that lava bed," said Jack.

The rest understood the wisdom of Jack's remark at once, and offered no more advice to him, and he said:

"Fritz, run down into the engine room and see if anything is broke."

"I whistle up der tube vot I got to say," said Fritz, going.

A few moments afterward he yelled up that everything was all right, but added that he thought the shaft was jammed.

"If the trouble is on the outside of the boat," Jack answered, "some one must go out in a diving suit and see what it is."

"Yah. I do me dot," said the Dutch boy.

"Then get one of the suits on at once."

When Fritz reappeared he was ready for an investigation.



and left the boat bravely, although the water made him feel much warmer than those in the boat felt.

The temperature in the Dandy had not gone down as they were yet so close to the lava.

Fritz swiftly descended to the bed of the sea and hastening aft of the boat, which rode a few feet from the bottom, he reached the stern post and saw what the difficulty was.

The uneven surface of the sea's bed had frequently brought the Dandy gliding through the thick, tangled jungles of aquatic plants, and the revolutions of the blades caused them to wind an immense quantity of the stuff around them.

They were thus firmly bound.

In order to give them free play again it was necessary to remove the weeds, and this Fritz set about to do.

He worked hard and fast for some time.

But unfortunately he was so full blooded that he presently succumbed to the intolerable heat, and feeling his brain reeling and his senses deserting him, he made a desperate effort to get back aboard of the Dandy.

"Mein Gott!" he groaned. "Vot's der madder mit me? Eferyding vas swimming aroundt in front ouf mine eyes, und I don't could breathe some more alretty!"

Knowing very well that any such feeling under water meant a sudden collapse into unconsciousness, the poor fellow eagerly crept along toward the ladder, but fell.

Down he went, overwhelmed with dizziness.

He struggled to his feet again, and went on a few feet.

Then down he went again, flat on his back, gasping the hot air supplied from his knapsack, his brain reeling, all the blood in his head, his eyes bulging, and a fearful roaring sound buzzing in his ears.

"Shiminey Christmas! I'm a goner!" he groaned.

And the next moment his senses left him.

Unconscious of the trouble that befell the Dutch boy, the suffering crew in the boat awaited his return.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE WHIRLPOOL.

Jack had gone below to make an examination of the machinery himself, to ascertain if there was anything the matter with it.

He soon satisfied himself that the trouble was all on the outside, and then stepped over to one of the portholes and peered out.

The sea was illuminated all around by the electric lights, and he saw Fritz stagger and fall beside the boat.

For an instant he imagined that the Dutch boy had merely tripped, but upon observing that he did not move, Jack lost no time in putting on a diving suit and leaving the boat.

He found Fritz to be unconscious, and carried him aboard.

Having taken off the fat boy's diving suit, the young Dutchman instantly began to show signs of reviving.

Opening the visor, Jack yelled:

"Hey, Tim! Come down here!"

A moment later the old sailor appeared.

"Hello!" he said. "What's wanted?"

"Fritz has fainted. The heat is awful outside. Attend to him."

"Ay, ay, my lad!"

"We can't stay here any longer. I am going out——"

"No need. The wheel works. I tried it just now!"

Then while you attend to Fritz I'll send the Dandy to the surface."

Hastening into the pilot house, Jack found O'Hara and

Indeed, Jack himself was faint and gasping from it, and expecting to see his friends fall any moment, he started the boat.

The screws operated all right, and the Dandy arose and burst from the water, when Jack opened the windows and, stopping the pumps, started the propellers.

A gust of cool but gassy air entered the boat, and at once revived the suffering inmates.

They were close to the shore, the water boiling and bubbling, hissing and steaming all around them.

The boy at once steered the Dandy out to sea, and observed that the fall of debris had ceased.

The gas filling the air came from the earth in the neighborhood of the earthquake openings, and the farther away from it they got the less they noticed it.

Within five minutes every one revived, for the air and water became more cooler as they receded from the land, and the Dutch boy came up and told them what had occurred to him.

"I don't vhas a hog," said Fritz, in conclusion, "und I know vhen enough I haf got, so you don'd catch me outt ouf de poat going again vonct, ouf ve near vun ouf dem lafa peds been again alretty, so helb me shiminey."

"There don't seem to be much mist here," said Jack, "for the wind is blowing from this direction. I'll keep along the southern shore all the way back to the ravine through which we were carried into this place, and we may thus find an outlet from here."

They had their lunch.

When evening fell upon the sea the lights from the volcanoes glared up more vividly, their rumbling sounded plainer, and the misty clouds reflected a ruddy glow and cast a fiery shade down upon the waters, making it look like red hot iron.

The mist was thus lit up, made more transparent, and let our friends see a greater distance than in daylight.

Nothing yet was seen of any outlet from the sea, nor did they see the least vestige of the Black Star.

But they presently heard a distant, roaring sound ahead, which grew in volume as they proceeded, and observed that there was a strong current settling toward it.

"That rumbling," remarked Jack, eyeing the water, "is caused by some influence upon the sea, you can depend."

"Ay," replied Tim, who stood in the pilot house with him, "and I notices as ther boat feels its strength, too."

"I'll fling the rays of the searchlight ahead, and we can then perhaps see what it is before we reach it."

The boy had been taught so many severe lessons in caution that he was most always ready for any emergency.

He slackened the speed of the Dandy and turned on the searchlight, when the broad shaft of light flashed far ahead and showed them the water running in fierce eddies toward a rocky cliff ahead, against which it furiously dashed.

From the continued action of the water beating against these cliffs through an indefinite period, the base of the great wali had been worn away so that the upper part that projected out of reach of the water overhung the sea.

The terrific roaring seemed to come from the waves dashing and gurgling upon these rocks, and Jack keenly looked to see if there was not an opening in the cliff into which the swift tide ran, but saw none.

"It is strange what causes that noise and such a fierce current rushing toward the cliffs," said Jack.

"Kinder looks to me as if there wuz a whirlpool over thar," said Tim, pointing off to the left.

The sea was there gyrating around and around in a great circle which sloped inward toward the center like a funnel.

"You are right, old fellow," the boy replied. "There is probably an opening in the earth under the water. This is



such a volcanic region that I have no doubt a large hole has been bored into the ground by an earthquake, and that water is pouring into it."

"Better not go any nearer to it then," said Tim, "'cause if the current is so strong there it must have strength ower thar ter suck ther boat down into its jaws."

Jack nodded, and turning the Dandy around, steered her for shore; but instead of going ahead and leaving that dangerous place astern, she made no headway at all.

"Now we're in a scrape!" gasped Jack.

"What are ye drivin' her starn'ards for?" Tim asked.

"I ain't. The current has hold of her."

"Good Lord! Put on more power."

"We have ventured too far," said Jack, complying.

He had put on all the power of his battery, and the Dandy ceased going backward and came to a pause.

She was within two hundred feet of the shore then, and did not seem able to go any further.

"Although her full battery is on," said Jack, blankly, "she has only power enough to resist being dragged along by the tide."

"Gee whiz, lad, ha' we got ter stick here forever?"

"It will only require a little more exertion to drag her away from here," replied Jack, thoughtfully.

"Ay, but how is we ter git that 'ere extree exertion?"

"Sound the water and I'll show you."

Tim went out with a lead and found the depth.

"Five fathoms!" he announced, returning.

"Good! You assume charge of the wheel."

"Wot are ye a-goin' ter do?"

"You'll soon see," answered Jack, going out.

He took a long line and a block, went out on deck, fastened one end of the line to a stanchion, and closing the visor of his diving suit, which he yet wore, he seized the line and lowered himself into the sea.

Down he went to the sandy bottom, and carrying the line, he started the electric lamp on his helmet, and walking shoreward, he soon came out in shoal water.

Fastening the block to a tree on shore, he opened his visor, shut off the air from his knapsack, and running the line through the block, he hauled away.

It is an easy matter for one man to draw a big ship through the water by his own strength, and the boy found it a much easier task to pull the Dandy along this way than if he were in a row boat.

Slowly but surely he dragged her nearer to land, and by the time she reached a distance of fifty feet from shore, she was out of the influence of the current, and her screws easily operated her.

Jack was then satisfied.

He detached the block and tackle.

"It's all right now, Jack!" yelled Tim.

"Good! I'll return aboard in a few moments."

"Shall I haul to?"

"Come to off those rocks yonder."

"Werry good, but I'll have to heave anchor."

"It is just as well to stay here until to-morrow."

And so saying, Jack gathered in the rope, and when the Dandy reached a favorable spot, Tim stopped the machinery and hove anchor.

The young inventor then went aboard.

They were in a good anchorage, and supper was served.

As the night came on the watch was divided, and Jack, Tim and Fritz turned in for the first trick below, leaving Ned and O'Hara playing checkers in the turret.

A couple of hours afterward the young cadet chanced to glance out of the pilot house window, and started.

His attention became riveted upon the shadowy figures of

half a dozen men, who were flitting about the rock lining that part of the shore.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### ATTACKED BY A FLOTILLA.

The naval cadet had hardly espied the figures among the rocks when O'Hara observed them, too, and springing to his feet, cried excitedly:

"Be heavens, Ned, there's the likes of those natives again!"

"I just saw them," replied the boy, "and was wondering who they were."

"Can't you see that they are the natives?"

"No—not accurately, in this gloom."

"Then I'll prove it. Watch them, my boy."

And so saying, the geographer flashed the searchlight upon them.

In this blinding glow the cadet saw that O'Hara was right, for the light plainly revealed the fact that the men were the dark-red natives.

The sudden appearance of the light startled the dusky fellows so that they gave utterance to cries of alarm, and dodging behind the rocks, they rapidly disappeared from view.

"They're gone!" exclaimed O'Hara; "but bad cess to them, not forever."

"Do you expect them to return to attack us?" queried Ned.

"The deuce of a doubt. They are unmannerly, spiteful rogues."

"But they can't do us any harm out here."

"Don't you be too sure of that, my boy!" grimly answered O'Hara.

They resumed their game of checkers, and several hours passed by without anything being seen of the natives.

The watch was changed.

O'Hara told Jack of what they saw and then turned in.

Placed upon their guard, Jack and his friends kept a sharp lookout for the natives all night, but saw nothing of them.

Day began to dawn at length, and Jack and Fritz were sitting in the pilot house, discussing their situation, when Tim came stumping in from the upper deck.

"They're a-comin'! They're a-comin'!" he cried, excitedly.

"Who—the savages or Bolt's men?" queried Jack.

"Ther mokes!" replied Tim, shutting the door with a bang.

"I don't see them!" said Jack, scanning the shore.

"They ain't thar—they're in canoes!"

Jack ran to the side window and thrust out his head, when a burly native, who had clambered upon deck, aimed a blow at the boy's neck with a huge war club that he carried.

Whiz! came the club, and in came Jack's head.

He had barely escaped being brained.

He grasped the shutters to close them, when with a panther like leap, the native came in through the open window.

Striking violently against Jack, and knocking the boy down, he swung his club around his head to deal him a thump, when Fritz struck him under the ear with his fist.

The Baffin Landsman uttered a hoarse cry and staggered back, his whirling club striking the wall and falling to the floor.

Before he could recover the use of the weapon, Fritz ran up to him, and struck out right and left, raining a shower of blows about his head that confused him.

"Hoopla!" roared the boy, delighted at having the best of the fight on his side. "Look outt for der locomotive!"



in a crowbar. I want to knock dot rascal troo der clouds. Take dot, you red-headed rooster. Ach, du lieber Gott! Why don't yer yer your fists pud up, and fight like a man?"

And bang, bang, bang! went his own active fists, the savage holding up his arms to ward off the blows, and yelling in the meantime in an unknown tongue for mercy.

Jack sprang to his feet and seized a rifle from the rack.

"Shut the shutters, Tim!" he cried.

"Drop down!" yelled the old sailor, instead of obeying.

The three sank to the floor, and a dozen poisoned arrows whizzed in through the open window, the next instant, several of them striking the native crouching against the wall.

The unfortunate wretch uttered a yell of pain as one of the barbed shafts pierced his bosom, and falling to the floor, he expired beside the young inventor.

The boy flung his body out a moment later.

"Good shot!" muttered Jack. "I wish there were a few more in here to get served the same way."

Ned and O'Hara, aroused by the sounds of strife, had come up the stairs when Tim saw them.

"Back water!" yelled the old sailor, warningly: "Retreat, lads. If yer venture up here yet, yer git a shot in yer hulks."

The two retreated downstairs.

Jack knelt at the window and, peering out, he saw that the boat was swarming with savages.

It was necessary to close the shutters.

If they remained open much longer the savages would get into the pilot house in such numbers they would overwhelm the boat's crew and murder them.

In an effort to drive them back, Jack let fly a volley from his rifle, and scattered them from the forward deck.

Then he jumped up, fearless of the shots that came from those of the natives who were in the long, dug-out canoes surrounding the boat, the boy seized the shutters.

A score of spears were hurled at him, although his body was only exposed for the space of a moment.

But as quick as a flash the boy seized the shutters and, pulling them down, the missiles struck them.

Once the shutters were closed they were safe

"Eureka!" cried Jack. "Now, Fritz——"

"Vell?"

"Run down and join Ned and O'Hara."

"Yah."

"And go up into the cage."

"Vhas der door ouf dot gage shut?"

"Yes—I locked it myself. There is plenty of arms there."

"Goot! In vun minutes you'll hear us shootin'!"

And away rushed the fat boy.

"Tim," continued Jack, turning to the sailor. "Get a rifle."

"I've got one already, lad, and here's a brace o' pistols fer you," said the old marine, handing over the weapons.

"Man the starboard loopholes and blaze away then," said Jack, as he ran to the port side with his weapons.

The savages had begun to assault the boat, and showered blow after blow upon her doors and windows.

Presently the rifles in the cage began.

Jack and Tim followed suit, and the cries of those of the savages whom they wounded raised a hideous din.

Shot after shot was fired.

In return, the natives hurled scores of arrows and spears at the boat, but these weapons struck harmlessly against the hull, and were broken against the impervious cage.

There were a few of the natives too obstinate to leave the deck, and Jack and his friends could not reach them with their weapons, when the boy resolved upon another plan.

He did not care to waste the electric energy by filling the

boat with a current that would shock them, so he yelled to all hands to get the doors and windows shut.

"I am going to sink the Dandy!" he cried.

Fritz and his companions thereupon came down from the cage, and when everything was in readiness, down went the boat.

A more surprised crowd than the savages were could not have been found, when Jack left them floundering in the water, while the boat came to a pause five feet below.

They swam for their canoes.

"I'll teach those beggars a lesson they won't forget now," said Jack, and he went to the storeroom, put on his diving suit, and procured several torpedoes and some wire.

Going out, after instructing Tim to send the boat under each canoe, he fastened the torpedoes to the wires.

These explosives were elongated brass cylinders filled with Jack's terrible high explosive, Horrorite, and in one end of each there was a binding post, while in the other end was affixed a sharp, metallic needle.

As the Dandy passed under each of the canoes, Jack jabbed the needle in each cylinder into the boats until all had been fastened on.

The boy retained the end of the wire in his hand, and seeing the canoes gliding away, he rapidly secured the wire to a binding post on the outside of the pilot house.

He then waved his hand as a signal to Tim.

Obediently the old sailor turned a current of electricity into the wire, and it exploded each of the torpedoes.

The reports that ensued were smothered under the water, but our friends observed the canoes blown up from the sea, and Jack went inside.

Opening his visor, he entered the pilot house, and sent the Dandy up to the surface again.

But few of the canoes survived the explosion, and those that had remained upon the surface, in the panic of the natives, had been paddled out into the swift current.

When too late, the natives discovered their error.

Caught by the terrible current, the canoes were dragged out further, until they reached the eddying and whirling water.

Here they were swept around and around in circles, their inmates screaming with fear.

Drawn at last into the vortex of the whirlpool, the canoes were spun like tops, and pulled under the surface one after the other, carrying their inmates with them.

A moment afterward all trace of them was lost.

The natives were drowned.

"They have paid dearly for their recklessness," said Jack.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A TERRIFIC DISTURBANCE.

The Dandy remained at anchor where she was until the afternoon had set in, and then they started off again, giving the whirlpool a wide berth in their course southward.

When the dangerous point was passed, Jack struck in toward the shore again, and leaving the wheel in Fritz's hands, he went out on deck with a glass and scanned the land.

There was a valley to the southward, lying between two of the mountains, and on the green slopes of the foothills the boy saw innumerable migratory northern animals browsing.

These creatures had abandoned their cold climate to come to this verdant place for the rich pasturage it offered.

As the boat went on, and they neared the next mountain, the aspect of the scenery was wonderfully changed.

Here the hillsides were black and sere, cracked open, great



masses of rock were tumbled and jumbled by the violence of the volcanic convulsions, and no bird nor beast was seen.

High in the sky, towering peaks of the volcanic crests of the mountains here and there were emitting smoke and flame, some so distant as to be hardly seen, while others bordered so close upon the sea shore that their lava ran into the water and their glare reddened the sea.

The mist upon the surface was denser at some times than at others, according to the quantity of lava that came down to the sea, distilling the waters, and the Dandy was continually kept beaded with moisture.

Indeed, so great was the dampness that the clothing of our friends was kept so wet that they had to change them frequently.

Still no sign of the Black Star was seen.

Jack went inside, uttering a sigh of disappointment.

"I am afraid, Fritz," said he, "that there is no outlet from this sea except by the whirlpool's vortex."

"A goot deal of vater must go out dere," said Fritz.

"No doubt of it. In time this sea will disappear."

"How you tink dot?"

"The continued influx of lava will dry it or evaporate it. It is true that there are innumerable brooks feeding it from the mountains, as well as the river that runs in from the sea. But the deposit of lava will eventually become so great here that the bed of the sea will get filled, the water will keep getting more shallow, and eventually the sea will vanish."

Fritz nodded and glanced out over the water.

"Donner und blitzen! Vot iss dot?" he suddenly exclaimed.

Following the direction he indicated with his glance, Jack saw far out on the sea through the mist, an enormous mass of water, spouting like a fountain in the air.

It grew higher and larger every moment, the brine as frothy as if soapy, and a dull, smothered rumbling accompanying the spurting, which momentarily grew louder.

"A submarine volcano!" gasped the boy, in startled tones. He had divined the truth.

They watched the hissing water, and soon saw smoke coming up from it in small clouds, that gradually grew larger.

In the course of an hour fire appeared.

Then rocks were upheaved.

An island was formed.

From its middle there gushed gas, smoke and flames.

Lightning zig-zagged amongst the fire and smoke, and then followed several earthquake shocks in rapid succession.

The sea was violently agitated in various other places and large waves arose, that washed over the Dandy.

Soon they saw more smoke and flame, and other islands of the same nature as the first were formed.

"Holy Moses!" gasped Fritz, his hair rising and his eyes bulging. "Der top ouf der sea vas gettin' blistered all ohfer mit dem!"

"There is some frightful convulsion of nature going on under the sea," said the young inventor. "That is evident."

"Shiminey Christmas! Vos the world coming to an end?"

"Don't speak foolishly. Recollect that we are in a volcanic region."

"Ach, Gott! But look at dem mountains now!" roared Fritz.

The ones he pointed at had been in a normal state, but now from their craters poured clouds of smoke.

Distant reports were heard, the sky grew overcast with dark, threatening storm clouds, and the earth began to shake.

A succession of quakes followed.

Enormous boulders were loosened and sent flying down the sides of the mountains, great forests of trees were knocked over as if crushed under a giant's foot, and the subterranean intonation continued like smothered thunder.

The dreadful commotion brought the rest of the Dandy's crew up from below, with looks of alarm on their faces.

"Wot's ther matter?" roared Tim.

"Is it a storm?" queried Ned.

"Faith, it's hoping I am, we are in no more trouble," said O'Hara.

Jack brought the boat to a pause.

"Brace up!" he exclaimed. "Have courage, boys."

"I don't vas scared!" said Fritz, regaining his wonted coolness.

"We will soon need all our pluck," said the boy.

"What's amiss, anyway, lad?" queried Tim.

"There's the deuce to pay outside. Nothing but keeping our wits with us will bring us through this ordeal. Have you all got confidence in me?"

Every one assented.

They were all plucky enough.

"Look out at the sea and the mountains," said Jack.

They at once saw what was going on, and although very much startled and dismayed, no one gave way to fear.

"How are we going to get out of this?" queried the cadet.

"Ah! That's what puzzles me," answered Jack. "I can't find an outlet from this stream. To bury ourselves under water exposes us to fearful risk of being blown up, while to remain on the surface is equally hazardous."

"Begorra, there seems to be no safety for us," said O'Hara.

"Ay, and we can't stay here idly," said Tim, in despair. "fer if my ole eye don't deceive me nigh onter all o' these mountains is a-bustin' inter eruptions."

"The heat is becoming unbearable, too," added Ned, gloomily.

Jack was about to reply when suddenly they heard a voice cry:

"Ahoy there! Ahoy there! Dandy ahoy!"

"Who is hailing us?" questioned Jack, peering out.

"Ther voice comes from ther seaward," said Tim.

"Und dere dey vhas!" suddenly said Fritz.

Every one now saw the ship Black Star utterly dismantled and pounding up and down on some jagged rocks that lined the shore, and among which she was wedged.

The crew on her deck now began to yell wildly, waved their hands to Jack, and the boy cried:

"Why, as I live, their vessel is wrecked!"

"Ay, lad, an' they wants our help!" said Tim.

"I'll pick the unfortunate rascals up and put them in irons."

"They can't go ashore," said Ned, "near as land is, for there is a stream of lava coming down the mountain side toward them."

"Sure, an' they won't be any better off here than where they are now," said the geographer, speculatively.

Jack drove the Dandy over to the wreck, and pausing near her, he viewed the Black Star critically, and saw that she was beyond redemption, as she was going to pieces.

"Ahoy!" he cried. "What do you want?"

"For heaven's sake, save us!" implored Redmond.

"I will take you off conditionally," replied Jack.

"How do you mean?"

"Singly, and as prisoners."

"Agreed!"

"Then catch our hawser!"

The boy told Tim to go out and fling them a line, and when this was done the crew of the ship came over to the deck of the Dandy, one by one, until all were aboard.

As each one came, he was shackled and led below.

In this manner fifteen men were taken, including the ugly captain and Anthony Redmond.

As soon as they were all aboard of the Dandy, the hawser was cut loose and the boat was sent away.

High up over her there hovered a dark cloud.

It was composed of a mass of fine black dust that was blown from one of the craters.



It had been carried along by the wind many miles.

Now, however, it began to settle down toward the sea very rapidly, and cast a dark gloom over the water.

Without knowing what it was, O'Hara saw it.

"Look out!" he yelled, pointing to it. "A cloud is falling!"

"It must be a tornado!" muttered Jack, uneasily.

He drove the Dandy along the way he came from, as the eruptions in the water ahead became most frequent.

Down came the dark cloud faster, and ere the boat had gone a thousand yards, the mass of dust fell upon the sea.

The boat was buried in it.

It shut off the outside view, and sent a chill of horror through the crew of the Dandy.

Jack expected to feel the boat being lifted bodily, high in the air, and whirled away into space, and in order to avoid such a calamity he hastily sunk the Dandy.

## CHAPTER XX.

### FREED FROM BONDAGE.

When the submarine boat had attained a depth of twenty feet from the surface, Jack brought her to a pause.

Then he turned a lever and drove her ahead at the top of her speed, to run away from the spot.

Instead of the water being upheaved by a tornado, the boy saw that the dark cloud was sinking in the form of fine particles.

The dust had become sodden, lost its buoyancy, and that which had fallen upon and covered the Dandy was now washed away by her motion.

"We have been deceived," said the boy. "Instead of a cloud-burst, that black mass must have been the dust blown from the volcano."

"Shure there's nothing wonderful in that," said O'Hara. "I have heard of cases where such dust has been blown 10,000 feet in the air, was carried along by the wind and deposited upon villages many miles away to a depth of fifteen feet."

"There are more of those submarine volcanoes bursting up over to the right," said Ned Frost, pointing out the window.

"My only hope is that one won't come up under our boat!" said Jack, anxiously. "Hello, what's this?"

"Wot?" demanded Tim, peering out.

"We are being carried along by a strong current."

"So much der pedder," said Fritz. "Id vill hurry us away from here."

Half an hour passed by, the boat in the meantime being swept swiftly along.

O'Hara had stationed himself on the lookout.

"Rocks ahead!" he suddenly called out.

There was a mass of huge boulders looming up athwart the course of the Dandy, arising from the bottom, clearly defined by the glow of the searchlight.

Jack spun the wheel around and the boat curved off to the leeward and passed them.

Where Jack was driving the boat he had not the least idea, for there was no place of safety anywhere to be seen, and the convulsions of the earth were apt at any unexpected moment to do some damage to the Dandy.

Another half hour passed by.

"We must be pretty near the whirlpool now," said the boy, glancing at his automatic log, "for we have been making forty miles an hour."

"Ain't we still in the current?" queried Ned.

"Yes, and it seems to have grown stronger."

"Then you can depend it is the same one we were in before," said the boy, "and we had better get out of it."

"Look out!" suddenly interposed O'Hara. "There's a shoal rising below the boat which looks like rocks, and——"

Crash! went the Dandy's sternmost keel-wheel at that moment.

The wheel had struck the rising projection.

Instantly there came a derangement of the machinery, the speed of the boat moderated, and Jack cried:

"Something has broken!"

"Gief me der wheel!" cried Fritz.

He seized the spokes, and Jack rushed down below, and made a careful examination of the machinery.

When he returned to his companions, his face wore a troubled expression, and he exclaimed:

"The big wheels are both broken!"

"Can't they operate the boat?" asked O'Hara.

"No. We are at the mercy of the current."

"Dere vhas anodder brobeller in de storeroom," said Fritz.

"Yes, but we can't stop the boat here to put it on."

"Why don't yer rise ter ther surface?" queried Tim.

"I shall."

The boy was just about to do so, when suddenly a wall appeared in the rays of the searchlight ahead of them, and dragged along by the current, the Dandy was shot into an enormous opening in its face.

This aperture seemed to be nearly a hundred feet in diameter, and the water was pouring into it with the speed of a mill race, carrying the Dandy with it.

Along she plunged, and instead of seeking to raise the boat, all Jack's efforts were now bent upon preventing her from striking the roof or sides of the tunnel.

He saw that the rocks were worn as smooth as glass by the continual flow of water through the place, and observed that it was as straight as an arrow.

"Lord save us!" gasped Tim. "We are in trouble now."

"It is my opinion," remarked Jack, "that this tunnel is the outlet of the sea of fire in the cliff in front of which we saw the whirlpool spinning."

"Whar could it lead to, lad?"

"If it goes straight ahead," replied the boy, "and we can ride safely through, it will bring us out somewhere south of Cape Dorchester in Fox channel."

"The channel is narrowing ahead," interposed O'Hara.

Jack's nerves began to tingle now, for he saw that the sides were closing in ahead, and he would have to steer the boat with consummate skill, in order to avoid striking the rocks.

He kept his glance fixed intently upon the passage, and as the Dandy swept into the narrowest part of it, they could hear the sides of the boat grating as they scraped the walls.

On they shot, the tunnel remaining the same for some time, and then it became so narrow that the Dandy suddenly stuck, and remained wedged there.

A terrible fear now assailed her occupants that they would never get free of the death trap.

Luckily, however, the straining of the boat caused a piece of the stone to break away, she was released, and going on once more at her former velocity, Jack saw that the passage was rapidly widening out again.

Mile after mile was thus passed over underground, their course taking them, as near as Jack could judge, through one of the great verdant valleys he had seen on the southwestern coast of the fiery sea.

A deathly silence had been maintained among the crew of the Dandy, for they were all cast into a state of nervous trepidation lest the boat might go to pieces.

"There's a bend ahead!" cried O'Hara, presently.

It was an abrupt turn to the left.



Jack had no control over the boat, except to steer her, and feared that her prow might hit the wall where the water struck before going around the turn, and at once steered for the wall on the port side and grazed it.

This was a dextrous move, for the current caught the forward stern of the Dandy, pushed it around into the bend, and although she struck the opposite wall, it was at such an angle that she was not much shocked and easily glided off upon her course again.

This passage was very uneven.

But the boat, under the skillful management of the boy, passed through, and finally came to the end of it.

She left the passage and was shot out into the open water somewhere again, and was carried along by the current for a long distance.

"Free! Free at last!" cried Jack.

Every one breathed an intense sigh of relief.

"Whar are we now, I wonder?" queried Tim.

"I will send her to the surface so we can see."

And so saying, Jack started the pumps, emptied his boat of her water ballast, and she began to ascend.

Presently she came out on the surface, and the boy opened the shutters and peered around at the scene.

"Such a change!" he muttered.

From a purely tropical region, they had suddenly come out into a most bitterly cold, frigid zone again.

They were in Fox channel without a doubt.

Everywhere save in back of them, where the warmed water gushed from the subterranean passage, there was floating ice on the water and snow on the land.

The air was raw and chilly.

It was a wonderful change, and it drew expressions of astonishment from every one on the boat.

"You're a true prophet, Jack," said the old sailor.

"I reasoned our location out on common sense principles," the boy replied. "But see, the shore is only half a mile away there, and we must tow the Dandy to the beach, take a look at her wheels and try to repair the damage."

The portable boat was thereupon brought out, adjusted, launched. A line was made fast to the Dandy and O'Hara and Ned got into the skiff and towed the underwater boat ashore.

It was then high tide, by good luck, and they ran her upon the shore and fastened her there.

Within a few hours the tide went down.

The Dandy was left high and dry.

An examination was made, and they found her wheels both broken, but fortunately, Jack had an extra propeller in the storeroom, and they took off the broken ones and adjusted the new one.

"It looks to me, O'Hara, as if we would complete our journey after all," said Jack, as they waited for the tide to rise; "and that is more than I expected to do yesterday."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### "MAN OVERBOARD!"

Nothing could be seen of the interior volcanic mountains from where the Dandy then was, as the high cliffs abutting the sea at that point shut out the view inland.

Fritz had taken the duty of feeding the prisoners upon himself, and the following morning when the Dandy got afloat and sped off under Tim's direction, Jack went down in the storeroom with Fritz.

He turned on the electric light, illuminated the room, and revealed the fifteen men shackled together, lying upon the floor.

Captain Bolt glared balefully at the boy, and growled:

"Come to gloat over us, hey?"

"No," said Jack. "I came to see that you all were safe and unable to escape. I have saved you from death to reserve you all for a prison cell for what you have done."

"You can't hurt us!" snarled Captain Bolt.

"I can put you in jail for stealing the Black Star and for kidnapping Ned Frost, and for making various attempts to kill me and my crew, and for murdering one of your men—"

"I didn't!" snapped Bolt, with a quick start.

"Oh, you needn't deny it. I found the dead body of the poor fellow adrift in a boat. He was starved to death, and yet he left a written confession of your brutality. I've got it as proof to convict you. Besides the evidence of the stolen boy will suffice to clinch the matter. So you see you have not gained anything by your criminal acts after all."

Bolt began to swear.

He hurled a terrible torrent of abuse at the boy.

Jack, however, paid no heed to him, but turning to Anthony Redmond, he exclaimed:

"And as for you, sir, I hope your greed is satisfied. You have failed to murder your wife with poison, you have failed to put your stepson out of the way so you could inherit his mother's money, you have failed to realize money from the sale of the stolen ship, and you have failed to escape the avenging justice which was sure to overtake you in your career of crime."

"Well?" sarcastically said Redmond, as the boy paused.

"In conclusion," said Jack, "you will soon share the fate of your companions in crime; your wife has recovered, your stepson is freed from your power, and it will be my pleasure to convict you."

"Indeed!" sneered Redmond. "Have you finished preaching? I don't like sermons on morality—especially from boys."

"Feed these objects," said Jack, to the Dutch boy. "Do not cause our supply of provisions to run low on account of them, though."

A look of fear stole over Redmond's face—the sneering sarcastic look left it, and he whined:

"Say, Wright, don't starve us, will you?"

"You seem to have lost some of your courage!" laughed Jack.

"For heaven's sake, don't reduce our food," implored the man, piteously. "I didn't mean to be impudent, I was only fooling. I crave your pardon—I—ah! he has gone!"

Jack left the storeroom abruptly.

It was very distasteful to him to hold any conversation with his prisoners, they were such a soulless lot.

Rejoining Tim in the pilot house, the boy saw that the great wheel under the keel of the boat was doing its duty properly now, and he glanced out of the window and observed that they had passed Cape Dorchester.

The Dandy was then heading for Melville Peninsula, along the eastern coast of which she was to run, and O'Hara was outside busy making preparations and soundings, assisted by Ned, and jotting down the result in his notebook.

The wind had risen and the sky had a threatening aspect.

Jack took the wheel and steered the Dandy.

She was near North Ooglit, leading for Fury Strait.

O'Hara came in and joined the boy, his notebook in his hand.

"Have you accomplished anything?" queried Jack.

"I have that. I have got some valuable observations and soundings."

"I'm sorry we haven't good weather for Fury Strait; it is a treacherous place, and you might get some valuable points about it on a clear day."



"What's the matter with anchoring until the storm blows over, then I can follow your suggestion?"

"I would if I could get near the shore."

"Couldn't we escape the storm by sinking the boat?"

"Yes, but I prefer to have soundings first."

"Bedad, I'll go out and make them then," said O'Hara.

It was a dangerous and onerous thing to attempt, but he was a plucky fellow, and securing his lead line, he went out on the reeling forward deck and began to work.

Down went his line ten fathoms, and he leaned over the railing to haul it up, when the boat was struck by a big wave that breached over her after cylinder.

It gave the Dandy such a terrific shock that O'Hara was knocked overboard and fell into the raging sea.

"Oh!" he yelled. "Save me!"

"Man overboard!" shouted Jack.

Up rushed Tim, Fritz and Ned.

Jack glanced out of the window and saw the geographer struggling to keep afloat in the waves some distance away.

He caught hold of a large cake of drifting ice and clung to the edge of it with grim determination.

"Help! Help!" he shouted.

The dense mist of falling snow nearly hid him from view, and the fierce wind drove him further and further away from the boat every moment.

"Tim, take the wheel and steer for him!" cried Jack.

"Ay, ay, my hearty," answered the old sailor.

Jack then picked up a coil of rope and dashed out on deck.

Here he tied one end of the rope to the railing, and as the Dandy spun around and dashed toward the geographer the boy whirled the rest of the rope and his head and shouted:

"Catch this rope and I'll haul you in!"

"Let it come, my boy!" was the faint reply.

Jack let the rope fly, and it shot out over the boiling water toward the endangered man.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### CONCLUSION.

Just as Jack flung the rope the Dandy gave a lurch and the line fell into the boiling sea, wide of its mark.

A huge, billowing wave just then rolled up, and breaking over the boat, its tons of water were hurled over upon O'Hara and washed him from his hold on the ice.

A thrill of dismay passed over Jack, for he saw O'Hara sink the next moment, and without the least hesitation the boy sprang overboard and swam toward him.

The moment O'Hara came up the boy seized him.

He was limp as a rag.

The rope Jack flung him was floating in the water near at hand, and the boy eagerly seized it and shouted to Fritz, who just then had come out of the pilot house on deck.

"Haul away on that line!"

"All right!" came the cheery response.

Fritz seized the line, and working rapidly, he soon drew the young inventor and his burden aboard the Dandy.

They carried O'Hara inside, and found that he had an ugly wound on his head, and had swallowed a great deal of water, but he was easily revived.

"By heaven, is it lost I am or dreaming?" he gasped, as he sat up and glanced vacantly around.

"Neither," replied Jack, bandaging his head. "We have got you out of the water, and you've got a big cut in your head, but otherwise you are all right."

"Sure I thought it was dead I was," said O'Hara, getting up.

"I think I shall dispense with the sounding," said Jack, "for there is the dim outline of the shore now appearing through the mist of falling flakes."

He left O'Hara in Ned's care, and going up into the pilot house, he closed the doors and windows, and told Tim to sink the Dandy.

She went down in sixty feet of water before the bottom was sighted by means of the searchlight, and there she came to a pause and remained all day and night.

On the following morning the storm was gone when they reached the surface of the sea, and they came across a sealing ship on its way southward.

After a brief dialogue the two vessels went on their way, and the Dandy turned into Fury Strait.

It was a very treacherous place, indeed, and O'Hara was kept busy there making surveys and calculations.

Toward nightfall they left it, ran into the Gulf of Boothia, and there encountered clear water and good weather as they went along the coast of Cockburn Island.

Tim, Fritz and O'Hara had turned in, leaving Jack and Ned Frost on watch, and the two boys were deeply engrossed in conversation, when they heard a stealthy footfall behind them.

They both turned around, and to their amazement saw Captain Bolt and several of his crew creeping up into the pilot house from the cabin below.

"The prisoners!" exclaimed Jack, very much startled. "They have escaped!"

He stopped the boat and pulled out his revolver.

One of the men had broken his shackles and, finding a file in the storeroom, had liberated half of the men, when Bolt, impatient to attack Jack's party and escape, had seized the arms they found in the room and sallied out.

"Halt!" exclaimed Jack, leveling his pistol at them. "The first man to advance a step will perish!"

"Don't stop, boys!" yelled Bolt, bounding recklessly up the stairs. "If we're brought home, a prison awaits us."

A defiant yell burst from the men, and they boldly came pushing up after their leader, brandishing their arms.

Jack saw that the situation was desperate.

"Only prompt action can save us!" he muttered.

Then he opened fire upon his enemies: and Ned, having armed himself with a repeating rifle, followed his example.

A terrific commotion ensued.

Aroused by the tumult, the sailor, fat boy and geographer ran from the stateroom half dressed, and taking in the situation at a glance, they hastily armed themselves.

Then they attacked Bolt's party in the rear.

Several of them were wounded, and rendered desperate by finding themselves placed between two fires, the rascals returned our friends' shots with a vim.

Jack received a wound in the left shoulder, and Ned was shot in the leg, while not one of the three in the cabin escaped without some injury from the prisoners' bullets.

The desperadoes were driven up into the pilot house, and one of them opening the door, five of the sailors rushed out on deck and sprang overboard.

They swam for the shore, and ultimately reaching it in safety, they ran away and disappeared among the rocks.

Captain Bolt was about to follow them, when like a tiger Jack seized him by the throat and tripped him up.

He fell to the deck with a bang, and the boy hung on to him until O'Hara and Tim came to his aid.

Between the three they held the struggling rascal down.

"Bring me a rope, Fritz!" shouted the young inventor.

The Dutch boy had knocked one of the sailors senseless,



and he brought a piece of marline with which Bolt was secured again.

He was then returned to the storeroom with the sailor, where the rest of the prisoners yet remained shackled, and everything was taken from the apartment by the means of which there was any possibility of the prisoners getting away again.

Having locked them in, Jack and his companions then went into the cabin and examined their own injuries.

Every one had been wounded more or less, and they attended to their injuries and got things in order again.

It took Jack and his friends some time to recover entirely from the effects of their wounds, and in the meantime, the cruise was continued according to the course the boy had mapped out to follow.

They met with no unusual adventures throughout the rest of the journey to the Pacific, and finally completed their trip by running down to San Francisco.

O'Hara by that time had amassed all the information he wanted, and Jack had carried out the terms of his contract.

In San Francisco the prisoners were put in the hands of the law, and our friends gave such damaging evidence against them that they were all tried, ultimately convicted, and were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

The Dandy was dissected, packed in cases and shipped on to Wrightstown, whither our friends followed.

Here O'Hara left them and returned to New York, from whence there soon after came the promised reward to Jack.

When the young inventor restored the naval cadet to the arms of his mother, the good woman's delight and gratitude knew no bounds, but Jack retreated in time not to witness it.

But he had gained two staunch friends in that mother  
son.

His cruise had been a success, for by his shrewdness, his courage, his dilute with water  
gang of rascals to justice, saved a boy and sh, dilute with equal  
graphical knowledge of the world. all meals and be-

The convulsions of the craters had doubtless destroyed the strange inland sea of fire ere his voyage was ended, for he never heard of it again.

Whiskers and Bismarck were returned to Jack's house, and Tim and Fritz haunted their accustomed places again, as usual.

Jack, however, had devised another invention, and spent his leisure time at constructing a new wonder, an account of which we hope to give our readers in a short time.

THE END.

Read "IN THE SEA OF ICE; or, THE PERILS OF A BOY WHALER," by Berton Bertrew, which will be the next number (255) of "Pluck and Luck."

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